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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 22 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1931 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.] SIXPENCE

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THE crisis is over; but nobody imagines that the Seven Power Conference has solved the problem which faces not Germany alone but half the world. Dr. Brüning came to London asking for bread; he goes back to Berlin with a few biscuit crumbs. The maintenance of credits will relieve the Germans for the moment, but they will inevitably be in difficulties again before many months have passed. The London Conference has been called the most important international meeting since 1919—and that indeed it might have been, with a little more vision and courage. But France has apparently forgotten nothing and learnt nothing in the last twelve years—except perhaps the art of sucking gold into Paris. Every section of opinion in this country is ready for bold and decisive action, and American opinion has moved fast and far. In this lies the chief hope of making the next crisis the last—or better still, of averting it altogether. That means that Great Britain and the United States must be prepared to stand together—and if necessary, to act together in despite of France.

* * *

Do the French really believe that they can keep Germany in perpetual servitude, that they can go on screwing out reparations, that they can afford to snap their fingers at Fascism or Bolshevism across the Rhine? If so, their game is too dangerous for the rest of us, and it is high time we made it clear that we cannot play it with them. They do not take hints kindly, as may be seen from the columns of the Paris press in these days. Reproaches and insults have been heaped on British statesmen and British bankers day after day—with such virulence and so fantastically, that sane men like M. Léon Blum have been moved to protest against this rediscovery of Satan enthroned in London. We do not ourselves believe that either the Parisian journalists or the Die-hards in the French Chamber are the true voice of France. There is a more reasonable and a more generous France—the France that cried "Vive l'Allemagne!" and "A bas la guerre!" when the German Ministers got out of their train in Paris the other day. We hope to hear more of that France after the general elections next spring. But the German problem will not wait for the chances of next spring. We shall have to do what must be done quickly.

* * *

The breaking of the storm in Germany has changed the tone and contents of the Russian press. In large headlines the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia*, which had been devoting their space almost wholly to statistics of the economic progress of Russia, announce the rapid approach of the Communist revolution. Their readers are regaled with "news" telegrams from the comrades in Berlin boasting of their strength and of the use to which they will put this golden opportunity. Great stress is laid on the Communist statement that no

financial salvage—not even a loan of £100,000,000—can save Germany from her pending doom. From the published accounts of riots and clashes with the police one might imagine that Germany was already a prey to mob rule. In their editorial comments the Bolshevik newspapers are as anti-German as they are anti-French. They denounce Dr. Brüning, Hitler, and the German Social-Democrats with the same fervour as they anathematise the rapacity of France. But national sentiment is not neglected in their appeal to the German proletariat. They boast that the German Communists have already secured the adherence of numerous ex-officers and that only through the Communists can Germany regain her national independence. This exuberance is natural enough. It means that world-revolution has once more obtruded itself into the front cells of the Moscow brain. It is an aspect of the international situation which the Western Powers—and more especially France—would be foolish to ignore.

* * *

The resumed Round Table Conference will meet in September, invitations having gone out to 28 representative Indians of whom Mr. Gandhi, of course, is one. The half-dozen Princes do not include the Maharaja of Patiala. The Simla conversations between the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi are at an end and, though the Mahatma's final decision will actually be in doubt until the sailing of the steamer, his coming to England is now regarded as almost assured. His position at the Round Table will be somewhat curious. He cannot be regarded as the sole representative of the National Congress party, for the Prime Minister has invited Pundit Malaviya, who (orthodox and untravelled Brahmin though he is) will certainly come to England. He is a veteran Congress leader, who can speak for a very wide political public, which is largely anti-Gandhist. In London the situation becomes increasingly interesting. Lord Irwin's public speeches are unusually impressive ; and the unpromising name of Lord Hailsham is now added to the Conservative delegation at the Round Table. In India opinion has been further disturbed and inflamed by the attack of a would-be assassin upon Sir John Hotson, Acting Governor of Bombay. Meanwhile, behind the scenes the details of a Federal Constitution for India are being quickly hammered out.

* * *

The Zionist Congress at Basle ended last week more amicably than it had begun. Though bitterness and mistrust of the British Government remain, the great majority of the Zionists are clearly anxious to make the best of the situation in Palestine, and they are ready, they declare, to " come to an understanding with the Arabs on the basis of mutual confidence." We hope that the new proposals for land settlement announced by Lord Passfield will help in this direction. Mr. Lewis French, who has had a long experience in the Indian Civil Service, has been appointed Director of Development, and he should find ample opportunity of showing his qualities in Palestine. He is, first, to make schemes for the resettlement of displaced Arabs, and then to investigate the methods of carrying out the more general policy of land settlement which was outlined by the Prime Minister to Dr. Weizmann six months ago. That policy is intended to benefit Jews as well as Arabs, and both the Jewish Agency and the Arab Executive will be consulted on it. If Mr. French and the High Commissioner and the Colonial Office all go about the business in the right spirit, they should at least clear the mandatory of the reproaches and suspicions, just and unjust, which the famous White Paper and the Hope Simpson Report brought upon it. Then there must come into play the other factor, the " mutual confidence " of Arab and Jew. And it is for the Arabs and the Jews themselves to see to that.

* * *

The substantial modifications made in the Unemployment Insurance Bill before its passage were due a good deal less to its Left-wing opponents than to the strong feeling among the Trade Union members. There was a fear that, if the conditions of short-time benefit in general were brought under review, the door would be flung wide open to the refusal of benefit to coal miners, cotton operatives, and other bodies of workers in industries where short time is customary. All might be well as long as this Government remained in office, it was said ; but what would happen if the Conservatives came back, and appointed an Advisory Committee of their own complexion ? The miners' M.P.s—a formidable army—protested loudly ; and the Government gave way, although the change greatly diminishes the Bill's importance. The trouble is that, in certain trades at least, short time is an abuse, or at least an anomaly, that tends to put up the cost of production. The remedy, of course, is not to deprive the short-time workers of benefit, but to alter the system of working ; and it is not easy to see how this can be done unless the Government has some special power to make regulations governing short time. The matter will now stand over, we presume, until the Royal Commission has made its final report. Meanwhile, the Bill passed this week stands as a useful, but very modest, contribution to the reform of the system on its administrative side. It will neither deprive many people of benefit, nor save much money ; but it will enable some small, but notorious, abuses to be put right.

* * *

Small though the Bill is, the Labour Left-wingers and the Mosleyites found questions of principle to fight on and carried their opposition through to the end ; and they were reinforced in the third reading debate by Sir Charles Trevelyan, the late President of the Board of Education. Consequently, quite a number of members of the Labour Party, mostly associated with the I.L.P., have been reported to the special committee which has been set up to deal with disciplinary matters within the movement. We doubt, however, if much will be done to the malcontents, though rumours of their coming expulsion have been flying about. The Labour Party and the I.L.P. may possibly come to a parting of the ways if the Government continues much longer in office. But it is most unlikely that anything serious will be done until after the party conference in October ; and even then the chances are more in favour of a reconciliation, or at least a patching up of differences, than of a rupture. For, after all, the main body of the Labour movement certainly does not want to see two Labour Parties in the field—least of all when

a General Election is in the offing. Unless matters drift to a crisis through mismanagement, both sides are likely to play for time rather than stress their differences, which, important as they are, cover only a small part of the whole field of Labour policy.

* * *

Miss Millie Orpen (*née* Offenheim) won her action last week for the protection of the English Sunday against the cinema companies. She claimed £25,000 in penalties; Mr. Justice Rowlatt awarded her £5,000, coupled with some strong animadversions on the circumstances in which the suit had come before the Court. There was considerable doubt whether Miss Orpen would ever have got this £5,000, for under an Act of 1875 the Crown has power to remit penalties recovered by a common informer, and the other side made no secret of their intention to have recourse to the Act. However, she herself has now declared that she does not want the money and that she never intended to take it. This is very laudable in her. Indeed, to have vindicated at once the sanctity of the English Sunday and the majesty of English law, is in itself a remarkable performance; to have followed up this achievment with so striking an exhibition of Christian resignation is a feat which is probably unique. But it still leaves the field of the Sunday Observance law—as well as several other fields—open to the common informer. And the common informer is a character that we could very well do without in the administration of justice to-day. The Attorney-General on Tuesday referred to these proceedings in the Courts as a discredit to our legal system, and pleaded for the hurrying on of the Bill that is now in Standing Committee. But its critics have their pockets crammed with proposals for strengthening it or wrecking it, and they all want their say. Among the good amendments so far defeated is the inclusion of theatres in the Bill, and among the bad a provision that a local referendum should be taken before a licence is granted for Sunday cinemas.

* * *

Ex Baldwino (if we are declining him properly) *semper aliquid novi.* His speech last week at Hull, like all his speeches on tariffs, announced some truly remarkable developments. His "emergency tariff," to begin with, is very nearly ready. Its principles "have already been worked out. The problems involved in it have been grappled with, a great deal of work has already been done." And, "thanks to the work which has been put in by experts under myself and my colleagues," the tariff is not to be a "hotch-potch affair." This being so, we may reasonably ask for more enlightenment. Who are the experts? What precisely are they proposing? What, in particular, is their policy for cotton and wool, for iron and steel, for wood and leather, for wheat, meat and dairy produce? If, as Mr. Baldwin claims, a tariff which is both "simple" and "accurate" has been devised, we are entitled now to ask for these details. But behind the "emergency tariff" looms the new plan of a Tariff Commission. This hoary and discredited device has been used in many countries as a disguise for the actual machinations of tariff making. The "men of integrity," with an assured status like that of the judges, have never yet managed to keep any tariff "scientific" or "impartial." But tariffs for particular interests are not in the nature of things scientific or impartial. When we do decide to control our imports—which sooner or later we shall have to do—it must be a deliberate control carried out by the State in the public interest. The technique of that control is one of the major, though little discussed, problems of politics.

* * *

The conflict between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Birmingham has now been carried a long way beyond the suitability or intentions of the new incumbent of St. Aidan's, having reached the battleground of doctrine. Dr. Barnes holds that the dogma of the Real Presence in the consecrated elements is superstition. The Archbishop points out that it is held by multitudes of their fellow churchmen and adds that it is consistent with the formularies of the Church of England. In other words, retorts the Bishop, Canterbury is admitting "the miracle of the Mass," which, he asserts, is the source of most of our present irregularities in public worship. There is no denying that this correspondence is concerned with a vital matter, and the Bishop of Birmingham being what we know him to be, we cannot suppose that the Archbishop will be allowed to evade the issue he has himself raised. He is forcing church people to be more realistic in their attitude, and, beyond question, he is strengthening the Bishop of Durham's demand for a movement of disestablishment from within.

* * *

By a unanimous decision of the L.C.C. Advisory Committee, the modified Plan No. 6 for the Charing Cross bridge goes back to Parliament. It involves the building of a new high-level terminus on the site of the Lion Brewery, between Waterloo Station and the river, and therefore the rejection of the low-level alternative proposed by the authors of Plan No. 4. The latter group takes the view that No. 4 has been thrown out on the ground of cost, but the Advisory Committee argues that the advantage of No. 6 lies in its limited tunnelling and greater opportunity for development on the south side. Parliament will probably accept the recommendation, so that work can be started during the slump. The decision is in any case a poor second-best. The committee has plainly not explored the possibilities of the Lion site in reference to the field for development that would be open if the lines and platforms were sunk and the ground area dealt with entirely for development. The New York Grand Central provides a splendid object-lesson.

* * *

Hart bombers and Fury interceptors have been fighting this week over London and the Home Counties. As a result the West India Docks have been theoretically blown to bits and large parts of London bombed with poison and fire. Defence stood no chance against attack—always the way so far in aerial fighting. Of course, the official view is that with more Fury planes raiders might be kept off. To which the answer is that with more bombing planes more bombs would be dropped and so on *ad infinitum*. The only "safe" course is to roof England right in with concrete—an idea which has been put forward several times, but not yet accepted as official policy. Another and perhaps safer course would be to abolish aerial armaments. But, as we overheard a woman watching the ordered flight of bombers above her say: "The real thing does not bear thinking about"—which is, no doubt, the reason why so few people think about it.

TINKERING WITH GERMANY

THE assembled Ministers in London this week have missed a great opportunity of ending once and for all this intolerable incubus of debts and reparations. Their real task is still untouched: they have dispersed after achieving a mere patchwork scheme for staving off financial collapse in Germany. So much they were almost certain to do in any case, whether the French co-operated or no; for the United States has some £120,000,000, in short-term money alone, in Germany and we some £80,000,000—a powerful inducement to international solidarity to countries which are not too sure of their own financial stability. But how long can such a settlement last? Until the same or a worse emergency occurs next year when reparations have again to be paid? It would be a miracle if tinkering could serve so long.

The German Government can prevent a flight from the mark for a few months by making it a penal offence to sell marks, and we and the United States can co-operate by offering further short-term credits and by promising not to withdraw our existing credits. But a currency cannot long be bolstered up by such means. Penal decrees do not promote confidence, and without confidence the Brüning Government cannot survive nor can Germany be saved from financial collapse. While the halter of reparations is around Germany's neck confidence is out of the question. Therefore, tinkering with the problem now means further crises and emergencies in the near future, probably in circumstances even more menacing than those which confront us to-day.

What really prevents an all-round settlement? No longer, we believe, American opinion. The Hoover Cabinet is ready for bold measures and the notion is certainly spreading in the United States that entangling indebtedness from Europe is worse than entangling alliances. But it is the policy of France which is the stumbling block. To the French it is not an economic problem. Apart from the sums they receive as reparations, the French are not financially interested in Germany's stability. Perhaps they were far-sighted. In any case, they very opportunely withdrew their money from Germany before the present crisis arose. They look at the situation politically. Terrified of a war of revenge, they have pursued ever since 1918 the same relentless policy. War is to be impossible in Europe because France and her allies are to be overwhelmingly powerful. A threatened financial collapse in Germany is, therefore, to the French an opportunity for further humiliating Germany; for imposing new political conditions; for seeking control of Germany's customs; for ordering Germany to desist from arming even up to the limit permitted by the Versailles Treaty; for demanding the renunciation of the Customs Union with Austria, even while it is still *sub judice* at The Hague; for requiring a guarantee that the Eastern frontier which every German regards as iniquitous should be retained unchanged and for ever.

Aptly enough at this juncture the French Memorandum on Disarmament has just been published. It reflects in every line the French thesis that the way to prevent the next war is by continuing indefinitely the last. While paying lip service to disarmament, the Memorandum urges, in language which is an amusing parody of the arguments of British apostles of a big navy, that the French have a far-flung Empire and that their present annual armament expenditure of £150,000,000 is not by any means excessive for its protection.

More significant still, the Memorandum suggests that without far greater "security" further armament reductions are impossible. If this meant merely that France insists on the acceptance of the Geneva Protocol of 1924—which she now again explicitly demands—as a condition of disarmament, that would not in itself be unreasonable. But the document makes it clear that France has no intention of abandoning her military alliances and, in the event of reducing her armaments, would insist on a proportionate reduction in the armaments permitted to Germany and other defeated nations. Further, the decisions of the Disarmament Conference must, in the French view, be based on "respect for the Treaties" and not regarded as an opportunity of modifying the existing system of Europe for "the benefit of the few." The "few" in this case are the German, Austrian and Hungarian peoples—all those countries which were on the losing side in the last war. As for respect for many of the provisions of the Treaties, no one feels such respect except those who benefit from them. For our part we are prepared to regard any attempt to rectify these unjust frontiers by force of arms as an act of aggression and to oppose it as such, but we are convinced that no permanent peace is possible in Europe unless some of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles are rectified by the constitutional means provided in the Covenant. Ever since the war, Europe has been built on a lie—the lie that Germany was solely responsible for the war, and as long as we refuse frankly to admit that lie and to accept the implications of that admission, Germany must remain dangerous and unstable, and Europe must live on a volcano.

Faced by this attitude of France, there is a growing tendency in this country to give up hope of the Disarmament Conference, to throw up the League of Nations and to call for an "Anglo-American-German block." In our view this is mistaken and dangerous talk. It means the naked acceptance once again of the principle of the Balance of Power; it offers no hope of permanent peace and it neglects altogether the French technique of stating their terms high, so that after negotiation they may still get more of their own way than common sense or justice would permit. In fact, the French may yet prove comparatively reasonable when they realise that their intransigence has brought against them the whole weight of the United States. For the most significant fact of the present situation is that the United States has tardily re-entered European politics, has fully realised the folly of French policy and stands whole-heartedly with Great Britain for a policy of European reconstruction—which means, to begin with, that the reparation muddle must cease. In these circumstances, if French policy does not swiftly change, France will be isolated. We are told that we dare not risk the consequences of her annoyance. No doubt France can withdraw an awkward amount of gold from London. But that possibility must be faced, and it can be faced more cheerfully if America and the Federal Reserve stand with us. Indeed, the result of co-operation between this country and the United States will not, in all probability, mean that France will remain isolated and dangerous, but that her bluff will be called and the beginning of a saner era dawn for Europe.

THE PROSPERITY OF AGRICULTURE

WAS there ever a more comic vote of censure than Lord Hartington's indictment of the Government on the ground that it had failed "to make farming pay"? Comic, first, because the over-production of wheat in the world which is ruining the farmers of Europe, of Canada and of the Middle West even faster than the farmers of East Anglia is obviously not the fault of the British Government. Comic, secondly, because, while the Tories with a huge majority gave and betrayed promise after promise to British farmers, the present Government has really made a bold bid to help agriculture—only to find each successive Bill mangled out of recognition by the Conservative backwoodsmen in the House of Lords. And comic, most of all, because wheat production only forms four per cent. of British agriculture which is, outside the comparatively small corn areas, to-day generally prosperous throughout the country.

This is not a challenge, but a sober statement of fact—disputable only by the farm labourer who might argue, if he were more articulate, that 30s. is not the wages of prosperity. But so far as the farmer himself is concerned—that is, the average farmer who is not dependent on corn production—times are not bad. The crops that can be grown on any given acreage are larger than they have ever been. The diseases of animals and plants are under better control. Acts of husbandry have been simplified and hard manual labour reduced to a minimum through the medium of mechanisation. Instruction is freely available to any man who seeks to cultivate land; sound and modern marketing methods are within reach of every farmer. Some, at least, of the burdens on the land have been removed. Agricultural rents are low, the labourer's wage, though small, is very considerably better than it was before the war, and while the prices of some foodstuffs are down to pre-war levels, in a few cases they are still lower.

You would not gather this from the newspapers. They present the exceptional; the normal is not supposed to interest readers. If a thousand men are moderately prosperous, there is no occasion to comment upon their prosperity; if ten are suffering acutely, there is a newspaper story.

In fact, it is only on the corn lands of East Anglia that the trouble is acute. Under all save the most ultra-modern methods it is impossible to escape a heavy loss on corn growing, or at least on the production of wheat and oats. Good malting barley made a very fair profit last year and should do so again in 1931, but the arable farmer can tell a story of serious and continuous loss since the Corn Production Act was repealed and he found himself, in many cases, freeholder of a considerable acreage with a big debt to the bank and a diminishing return from his crops. The years have brought little relief to this desperate situation, but it is wrong to write of farming as though all farming were arable. We have a strictly limited area down to corn, and that area has been shrinking annually through the last decade; it is nearly a million acres smaller than six years ago.

On the other hand, where different acts of husbandry are carried out with skill and knowledge, farmers have held their own; some have made money by fits and starts. There is no stability in agriculture, be that admitted, nor can there be when we remember how dependent it is, and must ever be, upon weather conditions. Last autumn, for example, the men who lost money on wheat and oats may well have made money on barley, sugar beet and potatoes; those who lost on the fat stock they kept too long may have done well with pigs, poultry and sheep. Throughout the most disastrous seasons of agriculture, through all the troubles it has experienced since the repeal of the Corn Production Act, one basic truth stands in evidence: the price that the consumer has paid for bread, mutton, beef, pork, chickens, eggs, fruit and vegetables, has been sufficiently high to yield substantial profit to every producer who can obtain his fair share of it.

If this opportunity has not been fully grasped by our farmers, the fault lies with the industry as a whole. It will not combine. It resents all interference, lives in the constant state of wanting something for nothing, and is represented officially by as ineffective a body of men as it could possibly collect in the backwoods of any industry. The National Farmers' Union reveals no vital policy; it is content to obstruct. Officially it would appear to avoid progressive action. Time out of mind the State has striven to help the farmer, spending and losing large sums of money in an endeavour to promote agricultural organisation, producing marketing schemes under a special Act (1928), and teaching, by actual demonstration, how food should be brought to the wholesalers in order that those who have an honest preference for the home product may find it to their hand. But the result is not commensurate with the effort.

We still find the box-fed bullock eating its head off at the owner's expense because that owner's father and grandfather kept box-fed bullocks. We still find large and impossible breeds of sheep, remarkable chiefly for the fat they accumulate, raised because it is the custom of a county to grow them without any regard for the modern demand for small joints. We find the rotations that were effective when corn growing was a paying proposition maintained to-day chiefly because they too are traditional. From Land's End to John o' Groats, from Aberystwith to Cromer, you can still find the horse-drawn plough, the horse-drawn harrow, the horse-drawn roll and drill; but for the great majority of acts of husbandry to-day the horse is out of date. On heavy clay lands where three-quarters of an acre is a day's work for the ploughman and his three-horse team, an efficient tractor will plough four acres. On the lighter lands it will carry out certain operations at four miles an hour, but the horse and the old-fashioned implements persist even where they might be replaced, and the elderly minded farmer continues to lose money.

Happily, agricultural education is not working in vain; the science of agriculture, a science that has yet to achieve its centenary, is effecting vast changes in the outlook of a younger and more progressive generation. In a large number of agricultural counties men can learn from the work done on the fields of some Institute how crops may be raised to advantage; on every hand they can learn how to co-operate for the sale of their produce. National Marks are coming to their assistance. If their produce has distinction they can make it appear distinctive, and very many are doing so. This is all to the good.

If you travel round England to-day you will find an acute depression in East Anglia, relieved here and there by clever pig-keeping or fortunate potato and barley growing. Sugar beet has saved the situation for many. When you pass across England and approach the western side you find that the Fell farmers are holding their own. In Lancashire fortunes are being made from poultry; in Wales smallholding is the rule, and the farmers of the Principality are taking fullest advantage of the considerable sum of money, nearly £100,000, that is spent annually on agricultural education. The flocks of the Welsh hillsides are profitable enough, though the price of wool has fallen heavily. In the south and the south-west agriculture would not appear to be in grave difficulties, particularly where the hands that guide its destiny are trained and the heads that guide the hands are shrewd.

Wherever you may go, north, south, east or west, you are sure to find a certain measure of skilled production with a still larger measure of bad marketing, and the farmer is

very apt to confuse the two sides of his business, holding that because he can grow good crops he has nothing to learn. While it was possible to avoid any response to the invitation to co-operate he remained aloof from the movement; while he could ignore the National Mark he preferred to do so. But the clever man whose mind is elastic and who has taken advantage of the opportunities that have been placed in his way during the past few years by Conservative and Labour Governments alike, carries on, and by selecting his acts of husbandry and studying the marketing problem, he lives and even thrives. He can never escape merciless competition in a Free Trade country, he can never beguile Jupiter Pluvius to regulate his smiles and frowns. But he, together with those whose equipment is inferior, can by effective combination impose his will upon those who have been ruling his destinies, upon the port millers and milk marketing combines, upon the market dealers and the machinery trusts, and all the other organisations that batten upon the average farmer's unwillingness to modernise his thought and rationalise his industry. In the meantime it is the farmer, rather than agriculture, that is suffering.

STERILISATION OF DEFECTIVES

[FROM A SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT.]

THE disturbing circumstance about the mental defective seems to be his irresponsibility in the matter of reproduction. That was one of the chief considerations advanced for the Sterilisation Bill rejected by the House of Commons last Tuesday. In the flippant phraseology of an American magazine writer,

> There goes the happy moron,
> He doesn't give a damn.
> I wish I were a moron.
> My God! Perhaps I am.

Voltaire once remarked about the Jews that it might be true that they were all the unpleasant things they were said to be, but it was not necessary to burn them. We are not sure that all the things that are said about mental defectives are true, and it may not be necessary to sterilise them. The facts about mental defectives and the qualities with which they endow their children are not sufficiently known, and, unfortunately, writers on the subject are not always free from political and social prejudice. It can be shown that the eradication of mental defectiveness must be a long and slow process. Our more immediate necessity is, as Professor Lancelot Hogben says, "to sterilise the instruments of scientific research before undertaking surgical operations on the body politic."

What are the known facts about the inheritance of mental defectiveness? Three-quarters of the mental defectives, comprising almost the whole of the high-grade feeble-minded group, are said to be confined to a limited and comparatively small section of the community. It is from this section that all the striking and sensational cases are drawn. It might be presumed that the high incidence of this kind of mental defect within a small group is evidence of the genetic factor in mental defectiveness. But it is not without significance that it is just this unfortunate group whose social and physical surroundings are such as may prove on investigation to be most fruitful soil for the growth of those undesirable traits which may or may not be part of their inheritance. Poverty and the disabilities that go with it run in families. Sterilisation will indeed cure these social ills, as decapitation will cure a toothache. Clear and conclusive proof that any one of the numerous mental defects is entirely due to an hereditary factor has not yet been established, with the possible single exception of amaurotic family idiocy, sufferers from which die before reaching puberty and so need no sterilisation. The extreme slowness with which this form of natural selection works is a measure of the rate at which we can hope to eradicate by sterilisation such forms of mental defectiveness as may prove to be transmitted in a similar manner. It is, in fact, the "carriers" of defective heredity, the sisters and brothers, the uncles and aunts and cousins of the defectives whom we must sterilise if, by artificial selection, we are to reduce to any appreciable extent the incidence of proved hereditary defects within a few generations.

The examination of family trees gives no clear indication of the genetic basis of any particular mental characteristic. The evidence is always ambiguous. The single human family is too small a unit to show significant conformity in the incidence of any trait to the theoretical Mendelian ratios. Statistical analysis has demonstrated the genetic basis of amaurotic family idiocy. Data have not yet been forthcoming to prove it for any other form of mental defectiveness. On the other hand, certain aspects of social and physical environment can be shown by analysis of authentic statistical data to bear directly on the incidence of at least one form of idiocy—that known as mongolism, and on some of the psychotic disorders. Dr. Shrubsall's data in the L.C.C. Health Reports show a very considerable concentration of defectives of all grades in the last members of long families, a fact which finds no explanation on the assumption that any kind of mental defect is determined by hereditary factors manifesting themselves in the best kind of social environment.

Furthermore, several memoirs from Karl Pearson's laboratory show the high incidence of first-born children amongst inmates of institutions for the insane. Since the hereditary constitution of the parent has no connection with whether a child is the first-born or the thirteenth in a family such data provide unambiguous evidence of the significance of early environment.

It is becoming clear that no defect or disorder is conditioned entirely by environment or entirely by hereditary factors. An examination of the frequency of consanguineous matings amongst the parents of defectives suggests that there is often an hereditary factor even where environmental agencies are most significant. It is amongst the kin of the affected that most "carriers" are found, and the union of two "carriers" is more likely amongst kin than amongst strangers. It is probable that a measure more effective than voluntary sterilisation would be the prevention of consanguineous marriages. By this means a large proportion of those genetic factors known to the biologist as "recessive" would fail to operate. At the same time, rigorous attempts to remedy the social conditions by which the manifestation of the undesirable inheritance is determined would still further reduce the evil of mental defectiveness in the population. Of greater moment than any immediate measure is the present necessity for a thorough investigation of the nature and the extent of the respective roles of genetic and environmental factors in determining the incidence of mental defectiveness.

Meanwhile, it is not desirable for children to have defective parents. Nor can we expect the sense of responsibility in persons suffering from serious mental disorders and defects to be so strong as to induce them to take ordinary precautions against parenthood. It is better that the law should permit them to achieve a permanent state of sterility than that their children should start life under the grave handicap of a demented mother or a feeble-minded father.

Unfortunately, the legitimate claims of the eugenist standpoint have been vastly weakened in this country by gross over-statement motivated by class bias. Though exponents and supporters of the eugenist movement like Major Darwin and Dean Inge have done everything that could well have been done to alienate the sympathy of the working class leaders in this country, the legitimate claims of eugenics are not inherently incompatible with the outlook of the collectivist movement. On the contrary, they would be expected to find their most intransigent opponents amongst those who cling to individualistic views of parent-

hood and family economics. Among the statements regarding Major Church's Bill cited in the recent pamphlet "Better Unborn," issued by the Committee for Legalising Eugenic Sterilisation, perhaps the sanest was that of Professor Hogben:

> I sympathise with Major Church's Bill for the following reasons. While remediable defects of social and physical environment undoubtedly play a part in the incidence of mental disorders and defects of a congenital nature, there is little doubt that inborn genetic factors also contribute to the incidence of mental defect, and that in some cases the genetic factor is the significant element in the situation. This being so, it is a wise and proper course to limit the reproduction of those who are known to be suffering from grave mental defects and disorders, provided that we do not neglect further research into the role of environmental factors and do not restrict further efforts to deal with remediable social conditions which determine the manifestation of defective inborn predispositions. While it is easy to exaggerate the possible selective effects of a policy of sterilisation, there can be no doubt that defective parents are unsuitable to provide a satisfactory social and physical environment for their offspring.

STALIN'S CHANGES OF POLICY—II

LAST week I indicated the part which the Soviet agricultural successes had played in bringing about the new situation—the cessation of the flow of peasants into the towns. We must, if we are fair, admit that as far as agriculture is concerned we in capitalist countries have misjudged the Soviet peasant policy. It is quite definitely successful. When we turn to the industrial side of the Five-Year Plan, however, we can congratulate ourselves on having prophesied nearly *all* the difficulties which Stalin mentions. Engineers know by bitter experience that it is one thing to start up a factory and get into production, but it is quite another thing to produce at the costs we had allowed for. We were therefore justified in being somewhat sceptical about the costs of Soviet production. Stalin is forced to show up this very weakness. Various undertakings had been set the task of lowering their costs by 10 per cent. or more, and yet they had actually raised them. Worse even than this, he had to tell the meeting: "It is a fact that in a number of undertakings and controlling bodies they have long ago ceased to count, calculate or make proper balances of income and expenditure . . . the ideas of 'a regime of economy,' 'the reduction of non-productive expenditure,' 'the rationalisation of industry' have gone out of fashion long ago. These undertakings are evidently depending on the probability that the State Bank 'will have to give us the money we need.'"

Such a simple method of avoiding the difficulties of cost reduction—by keeping no accounts—is typical of certain enthusiastic Communists. Lenin described them as trying to run their offices on the principles which had won them the civil war—by shouting "loud hurrahs." The "loud hurrah" brigade have got to go and efficient managers take their place. Costs must be kept down.

The real difficulty is outside costing, and lies in the actual practical running of the works. One of the most delicate points of Stalin's speech was designed to open up the way to more efficient production, by allowing undertakings to drop the famous Non-stop week—a tricky matter, as the Non-stop week was most highly prized by the theorists.

This Non-stop week, or five-day week, had been introduced for two purposes; one was to break up the old associations of the day of rest with Sunday and church-going, and the other was to enable the machinery to be worked without stopping. The workers, already working in three shifts in most factories, were to have their days of rest in shifts. The machinery was to run continuously week in and week out, and, as the worker was to do four days on and one off, the units of time were to be "Five days," "Decades" and "Double Decades."

Theoretically this seemed quite a sound plan, but in practice it meant that no worker or set of shifts worked the same machines continuously. Therefore no one was responsible for the machines, and carelessness resulted for which it was almost impossible to locate the actual offenders. For this irresponsibility, this impersonalism, a special word has been invented, *obezlichka*, which conveys that the worker has no interest in the tools he uses, the machine he works, or the locomotive he drives. Stalin was very frank about this difficulty; he told the meeting brusquely—

> There is no doubt whatever that our economists know all about this. But they are silent! Why? Because they are afraid of the truth. Look you here! Since when have Bolsheviks become afraid of the truth? Is it not a fact that the Non-stop week has led to the lack of personal interest in machines? Ask yourselves: Is this Non-stop week really necessary? . . . Isn't it quite clear that the sooner we bury this "paper" Non-stop week the quicker we shall succeed in establishing real continuity of work? Some comrades think that *obezlichka* can be got rid of by incantations or by broadcasting speeches. They are greatly mistaken. . . . I think it would be very much better if, instead of making speeches, they went and lived for a month or so down the shafts or in the factories studying the details, the "mere trifles" of the organisation of labour. Then we might eliminate this *obezlichka*.

The industrial programme of the Five Year Plan is obviously not so easy to fulfil as the party thought it was. They were deceived very largely by the speed of erection of new buildings; this was quite amazing in some cases, as the American specialists are willing to admit. Wherever sheer hard work was sufficient, the "shock brigade" system supplied the necessary fanatical zeal to break all records, and if the American normal day's work was 12 square metres of asphalt per head, the "shock brigades" were able to do 40 square metres per head. Directly the scene is changed to the use of expensive machinery, this very zeal for production leads to an unprecedented quantity of faulty work. As an engineer, the present writer cannot see that peasants will be able to grasp quickly what it means to work to fine limits, and mass production, unless it is accurately controlled by careful gauging of all the parts, will be a hopeless failure. The peasant, when his machine is carefully set up for him, can no doubt learn to produce his one part, but where are the inspectors to be drawn from in the quantity that they are called for by these great plants like the Stalingrad factory? Suppose, however, that the system of training peasants for one-operation jobs does succeed and that the mass-production factories complete their programme, this can only take place by drawing the skilled workers out of the smaller engineering works to supervise the mass-production peasants. But it is in these very works, these small works, that the skill is required. The mechanic in such works has to work from a drawing, he has to be a craftsman, and the small works cannot replace him. Thus from an engineering point of view a very difficult situation arises due to this rapid expansion of mass-production works.

It is this difficulty which led to the reforms Stalin outlined. The skilled non-party men must be advanced to the positions they deserve and the technical intelligentsia of the old régime must be won over with care and attention. He told his audience that it was quite wrong to look upon every engineer of the old school as "an uncaught criminal." "Specialist-eating," he said, "has always been considered by us as a harmful and dishonourable manifestation." It was only natural, he continued, that these engineers were in doubt as to the rightness of the Government's policy two years ago, but then even old Bolsheviks had swung away from the party during the grain crisis. Now things were entirely different. The Menshevik plot had been exposed and the disturbers, who were spreading stories against the Soviet, had been removed, and the grain position had so far righted itself that they had been able to export a record quantity. Naturally, the old engineers now knew the Soviet would succeed, and they must therefore be trusted to see on which side their bread would be buttered, when there was any butter.

Thus Stalin very dexterously opens the way for the concentration of every possible productive force in the Soviet upon the great problem of fulfilling the industrial programme of the Five Year Plan. The changes of policy, therefore, in reality represent a great addition of strength, and, warned by the previous successful change of the agricultural policy, we dare not cry "failure," but rather must expect the amazing Bolshevik to extricate himself even from his industrial muddle.

J. PARNELL MANDEVILLE.

HOW'S YOUR POOR FEET?

EUROPE may have reached a crisis in her fate during the past fortnight, but in characteristically English fashion readers of the *Times* have chosen these days of anxiety to investigate the origin and authorship of the phrase, "How's your poor feet?" The popular press is often accused of levity in its attempts to attract the public, but here we have evidence that the most dignified and cultured body of newspaper-readers in the world is excitedly interested in a matter at least as frivolous as the revival of the bustle or the arrival of a film-star at Southampton. I am convinced that, if one went into the Athenæum at lunch-time, one would hear the oldest and the gravest members exchanging reminiscences of occasions on which they heard the unforgettable phrase uttered. Who knows, indeed, whether, if the two Archbishops met, they would not forget Dr. Barnes for a time, while they related stories told by their fathers about the voice in the gallery that made the house rock with laughter by propounding the question to King Lear during the storm? Ecclesiastical affairs are engrossing enough, but, after all, was it Henry Irving or Benjamin Webster who was put off his balance by the man who shouted "How's your poor feet?" in the Adelphi Theatre? The *Times*, I am sure, is obeying a wise instinct in airing such questions in its columns. This is the sort of thing that classical scholars and City magnates are really interested in. All their youth returns to them in a burst of sunshine as they try to remember the first occasion on which they heard "Where did you get that hat?" A scholar who can fix the date of the production of *Antigone* becomes equally absorbed in the task of fixing the date of "Two Lovely Black Eyes." If the various readings in Aeschylus delight him, why not the variant readings in "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back"? Is the one study so much more intellectual than the other? All we can be sure of is that, while Aeschylus stirs the intellectual curiosity of the few, the old pantomime song stirs the intellectual curiosity both of the few and of the many.

One object of a newspaper, I take it, is to provide its readers with subjects for conversation, to discover what human beings talk about in their homes and in their clubs, in tea-shops and in public-houses, and to give these things prominence in the news. Politics, religion, morals, books, plays—it is clear that all these things interest and excite men and women. You could raise a heated argument in almost any company by mentioning Bishop Barnes, or the German collapse, or sterilisation of the unfit, or the dole, or the censorship of literature. But we do not devote all our time to the discussion of such grave matters. In this climate, at any rate, we often forget world-politics to talk about the weather. We can do nothing about it, but it is a relief to curse it. Show me the man who does not read the weather forecasts during his holidays, and I will show you a man who is unfit for human society. I doubt whether there is one man in a hundred who, if he has a chance to tap a barometer in the morning, can, except by the exercise of strong will-power, refrain from tapping it. This being so, the weather is obviously news, and it seems to me that the Meteorological Office would do well to employ the finest prose writers in the country to compose its reports. Why should not a sunny day be ushered in with noble and welcoming phrases?

Nor are clothes a subject of less interest than the weather. I myself seldom read about women's clothes except when they become a matter of controversy, like short skirts or the wearing of stockings at Wimbledon. But I can always read a paragraph about fashions in men's dress. Are spats still worn? Is the wing-collar the correct thing to wear with morning dress? I am more interested in these things than in the initiation ceremonies of the Kanga-Banga. They are my favourite branch of anthropology. Nor do I see how it can be more frivolous to study the ties of to-day than the costumes worn at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. Yet if one wrote well about Elizabethan costumes, one would be reputed to be a learned man, whereas if one made the correct attire for a man to-day one's chief study, one would be looked on as little better than a fribble. For some reason or other the fewer the people who are interested in a subject, the more intellectual its study is supposed to be. That is why, in learned circles, Sanskrit is more highly reverenced than horse-racing.

I do not wish to say a word in disparagement of Sanskrit. I, too, hold it in mystical reverence. I am even of the opinion that Sanskrit, like every other subject, could be made interesting to ordinary men. But the mind cannot always be on the strain. It hungers at times for an admixture of trifles—for news of curious and ridiculous events. Isaac Disraeli provided it with food of the kind in *Curiosities of Literature*. But the scope of the book was small, being confined to books and bookmen. We wish also to hear about the curiosities of contemporary life. In regard to this matter, again, we are faced by a strange paradox. To be interested in the curiosities of any other age but our own is generally regarded as an intellectual pursuit. To be interested in the curious occurrences of our own time, on the other hand, is considered to be no more than a pastime and a waste of one's brains, if one possesses any. A Greek charioteer is meat for great minds, but "Jockey Weds Giantess" is somehow brain-sapping. I do not agree with this anti-modern bias. What happened yesterday is as interesting to the mind as what happened in 800 B.C., and, indeed, is doubly interesting because it happened yesterday. It is because I believe in the essential and widespread appeal to the mind of contemporary oddities that I was delighted to see on the chief news page of Wednesday's *Times* a report headed:

MOUSE IN A SAUSAGE.
ANOTHER BLACKMAILING RUSE.

I confess that, having just glanced at the latest news of the Conference of Ministers, I turned eagerly to "Mouse in a Sausage" and read every word of it. It is not that I am so deeply interested in mice in sausages as in the Conference of Ministers. But I had read about the Conference of Ministers over and over again, and I had never heard of a mouse in a sausage before. Also it was an extraordinarily fascinating story—a story, as those who read it know, of a mother's love. Here was a woman whose son had been dismissed from the food department of a Cologne stores. How could she get him reinstated? Well, she went to the stores, and produced a baked liver sausage, containing a mouse, declaring that she had bought it at the stores but hinting that she would not give the matter publicity if her son were taken back again. Unfortunately, a veterinary authority to whom the sausage was taken reasoned that a mouse could not have passed through the mincing machine and remained whole, and that if it had entered the skin of the sausage at a later period it would have been baked all over and not merely, as it was, on one side. Apart from that, it was not the kind of mouse that frequents stores, but a tame white mouse of the kind of which children make pets. As a result, the honest woman was sentenced to four months'

imprisonment. There, surely, is a story as well worth reading as most psychological novels. Equally interesting was that other story of the carrier-pigeon that was left in a box at a rich woman's door with a written message ordering her to attach a sum of money to the bird's leg and let it go, with the threat that if she did not do so her house would be burnt down. The week, indeed, has been rich in curious stories—"Baker Street Flat Scenes," "'Boy Wizard' of Wall Street," "Jack Diamond's Escape," "Rum Runner's Poison Gas," "Burglary as Relief from Boredom," "Gallant Rescue of Dog," "Leicester's Lowest Score," "A Thousand Children Hoaxed," and "He Shattered the Death Curse Legend." None of these, perhaps, is quite equal to "Mouse in a Sausage." But they are all good and provide convincing evidence that we are living in a world which is as interesting as the world of which Herodotus wrote. Let the *Times* enlarge its "Mouse in a Sausage" and "How's Your Poor Feet" activities. It will find this by far the surest method of maintaining its circulation among the members of the Athenæum Club.

Y. Y.

"FIGS FROM THISTLES"

Inspired by Mr. Baldwin's vision of a "knave-proof" tariff.

ALMOST the picture persuades me, hard as I am to persuade—
That "knave-proof," immaculate tariff, making for freedom of trade;
Vouched for by Baldwin in person, spotless and pure from its birth,
Warranted free from the drawbacks of all other tariffs on earth.

Giving the British producer all that he asks for and more;
Letting the British consumer pay just the same as before;
Giving the sectional interests duly preponderant weight;
Never permitting (as elsewhere) pressure by these on the State;

Giving a bargaining lever, artful and certain, and just;
Never provoking reprisals, never inspiring distrust;
Fashioned and watched by Commissions, learned, impartial, select;
Somehow or other contriving to separate cause from effect.

Almost the picture persuades me: almost it brings into sight
Dreams of a leopard unspotted, dreams of a negro washed white,
Grapes that are plucked from a thorn-bush, tigers made tame by a bribe,
Draughts of the juice of the hemlock, warranted safe to imbibe.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

AN EMERGENCY POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The article on "Money, Wages and Expansion" in your last week's issue seems scarcely to face up to the facts of the present situation.

You write: "the burden of debts . . . *may* become intolerable, if the level of world prices *continues* to fall"; and again: "If our exports *go on* falling, it *may* become necessary for us to decrease imports and stimulate home employment by restrictive measures . . ."; "if prices *do* go on falling, money-wages cannot be kept indefinitely at the present level." (Italics mine.) These sentences would have read as admirable warnings eighteen months ago, but they are surely a little out of date to-day. The emergency which you foresee as possible has surely already arrived—or how much farther have prices and exports got to fall and unemployment to rise, before you will admit that what may become necessary is necessary?

Surely things are serious enough for the choice of a quick-acting emergency measure to be no longer subordinate to the consideration of long period solutions.

The proposals you endorse—on the one hand international action by the Central Banks and Governments of Europe and America to raise prices, and, on the other, State enterprise and investment at home—are, no doubt, intrinsically sound, but seem hardly adequate to prevent disaster in Act 3 of the economic crisis.

You will admit that concerted international action to reform the working of the gold standard is not likely to bring relief quickly. We have just seen the comparative failure of the Hoover plan, and there is the additional obstacle that among the world's financial experts there is a well-known divergence of views on monetary policy.

Will you not also admit that State enterprise or investment at home can do little, at any rate within the compass of a year or so, to narrow the gap between the costs of British industry and the prices it can obtain in the markets of the world? Yet that gap must be bridged, and soon, if our chief export industries are to survive.

Moreover, though it is true that so long as there are slums to be cleared it is absurd to pay men to be idle, it seems also true that, in the present nervous state of business men and potential investors, it will be very difficult to finance an expansionist policy of State enterprise on a large scale without unfavourable reactions, unless we adopt some artificial aid, such as Mr. Keynes' tariff proposal, to keep the exchanges and the money market sweet, or unless we are prepared to abandon the gold standard.

There is only one "emergency measure," suggested by members of the Macmillan Committee, which you appear to bless—namely, a "national treaty" to reduce all incomes by a given percentage—to get us in effect to do voluntarily what devaluation of the £ would make us do involuntarily. But are not the sponsors of this proposal correct in putting it as their last alternative in point of practicability—as one that is just "theoretically conceivable, in the last resort"? The *pourparlers* for such a treaty would arouse all the most troublesome questions of economic justice and endless discussion.

Of course there is no emergency measure that cannot be criticised justly from many angles. We have got to choose not between perfect and imperfect actions, but between the lingering death of inactivity and the least objectionable means of prolonging life. In weighing up the balance of advantages and disadvantages, in the choice of our emergency measure, a high proportion of marks must be allotted first for immediate practicability and, secondly, for favourable psychological effects on the fallible minds of the human beings concerned. Devaluation of the £ would secure high marks on the first point, but not on the second.

When psychological effects are given due weight, I think Mr. Keynes' plan, or some modification of it, will be found most worthy of sympathetic consideration by your readers and by our Government.—Yours, etc.,

Stoke Grange, Stone, Staffs. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry that, whilst the significance of your policy has been noonday clear to me, the meaning of my lengthy reservation you have been quite unable to discover.

Perhaps that is due to a certain disappointment that you have not been able to assert that "Labour is unanimously agreed upon the soundness of our policy." For my part, I started out from the assumption that it would be a particularly impudent abuse of my opportunities as a member of the Macmillan Committee to substitute for the patient hearing and painstaking study of evidence and the expression of a judicial opinion thereon a continuous advocacy of my own preconceived ideas.

As for the remedies of Mr. Keynes and Mr. McKenna, I regard them as evolved out of the economics of a decadent capitalism and, though it may attract Mr. Bevin and not repel Sir Thomas Allen, such quackery induces in me, as a Marxist, a quite unspeakable contempt.

I have no intention of advising my clients, the working and lower middle-class, to accept big wages and salaries in what I regard as bad money or of deluding them into the belief that such

pseudo-social services as recommend themselves to you in any way enrich them. I have welcomed deflation and wish it to continue till, in its fiery crucible, we have been able to burn away all the dross, leaving nothing but the good metal upon and around which to rear a sound economic system and an honest social order.

The Bank of England, strengthened by that control of the Treasury over the changes in the volume of the Note Issue (which some curious custodians of popular sovereignty are ready to diminish), is one of the many good things which capitalism has had, *as its historic function*, to contribute to the above.

With Lord Bradbury I found the same affinity as did Marx with Ricardo. No more than my master—whom never do I deny—was I ashamed to associate myself with one whose thinking had the constant quality of an unflinching integrity. And if you marvel at this declaration from one who alone, as you will recall readily enough, was elected to the Mother of Parliaments as an avowed Communist, all I shall say is that both you and I live in strange times and, first and foremost, working for what, respectively, we regard as the paramount interests of Great Britain, perhaps we are not always entirely identical in sympathy with the Party wherein we are operating.

Convinced of the retrograde character of nationalisation as a property and managerial form to be applied to economic activities that have now transcended frontiers of states and empires, I have declared against the creation of any further vested interests in human separatism.—Yours, etc.

11 Lilyville Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6. J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD.

INDIA'S MILLIONS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the excellent article, entitled "India's New Millions," in your issue of the 6th inst.

There appears, however, to be an inaccuracy in estimating the amount of cultivable land, which is put by your correspondent at being "under 300 million acres."

The Statistical Abstract for British India gives the following figures in millions of acres (approximately):

Forests	86
Not cultivable	151
Current fallows	47
Actually sown	227
Cultivable waste	153

showing a total of cultivable land of 380 million acres.

Now these figures refer only to land in British India, whereas the Indian States comprise about two-fifths of the whole.

If the above figures are increased proportionally—which is the only method, so far as I am aware, of forming an estimate, in the absence of actual figures—the total of cultivable land becomes nearly 700 million acres.—Yours, etc.,

Hoshangabad, C.P., India. June 28th. R. D. PRIESTMAN.

MEDICINE AND DIAGNOSIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to supplement on one point the remarks of "H. R." on Medicine as practised to-day in this country. I write without the article to my hand, but I believe he remarked on the exaltation by the panel system of the Bigger, though not necessarily Better bottle of medicine. It is true that of the many thousands of gallons of medicine annually prescribed under the system many, for all the good they do the patient, might just as well be poured down the drain; it is only fair, however, to point out that this does not apply to all medicine and remedies. The number of actually specific remedies slowly but steadily grows; within the last three years a most potent weapon has been added to the medical armamentarium in the active "antianaemic" principle of liver; by means of it it is now possible to cure, or at any rate to hold in abeyance, a disease—pernicious anaemia—hitherto relentlessly and universally fatal. In some types of anaemia its value is nil; in others it may be of slight value, but of its effect in pernicious anaemia there is now no question.

Pernicious anaemia is not easy to diagnose; it has been said of it that in the absence of proper investigation it is of all diseases the one most frequently diagnosed in its absence and not diagnosed when present. The panel practitioner may prescribe the available preparations as he sees fit, but he is provided with no means of ascertaining which of his anaemic patients are suffering from the "pernicious" type and which not. To all such patients he is more or less forced to prescribe some liver preparation and to await the result. These preparations are expensive; most specific remedies are. To administer them to patients to whom they are not in the least likely to do any good is a wasteful process; as the National Health Insurance system now stands, however, the practitioner is practically forced to assist in it.

But the conscientious practitioner who feels himself forced to prescribe expensive remedies such as the liver preparations finds himself faced with a further difficulty. By so prescribing he will send up the average cost of the dispensing in his district and thereby render himself unpopular. Officials of the Ministry may descend upon him; all sorts of things may happen. To some extent the same thing applies to insulin. The unfortunate practitioner having two or three severe diabetics on his panel requiring large insulin dosage finds himself faced with the dilemma of under-prescribing, and therefore of failing to get the best out of the remedy or of being in the invidious position of bringing up the dispensing costs of his district.

One of the troubles with medicine, implicit in the remarks of "H. R.", is the failure to take advantage of the means of diagnosis now available. Diagnosis has advanced by leaps and bounds since the establishment of the National Health Insurance Service, but not the least recognition has been taken of that fact. Treatment before diagnosis appears to be one of the things wrong with medicine.—Yours, etc.,

Royal Hospital, Wolverhampton. S. C. DYKE.

WALPOLE AND BOLINGBROKE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—After Mr. Augustine Birrell's delightful essay on my *Robert Walpole* I have no claim on a line of your space. For even to be adversely criticised in Mr. Birrell's rich prose makes one believe that, after all, there may be truth in the theory that the fox enjoys being hunted. But his plea for Bolingbroke does raise a point of real historical interest. Mr. Birrell asks how I can ignore the evidence of Swift and Voltaire and Pope. Now it is obvious that he is not ready to accept Swift's judgment on Walpole. Then why should he believe it on Bolingbroke? One does not want to be unduly suspicious, but surely the biographer cannot ignore the fact that Swift had offered to serve the Whigs; and had been declined without thanks. Whereas Bolingbroke, as I mentioned, sent Swift four-figure cheques. In Leslie Stephen's words, Swift "turned upon his friends (the Whigs) because they would not make him a bishop." I timidly suggest that it is not safe to attach judicial importance to a savage man who has lost a mitre—and gained money.

As for Voltaire, as I pointed out, Mr. Norman Torrey in his very recent book has told us that, when he examined the great Frenchman's own library, he discovered that whereas the other English deist writers had all been carefully annotated, "Milord Bolingbroke's" volumes had received no such attention. The truth is that although Voltaire had a very pardonable dislike of being horse-whipped by a nobleman, he had also the pardonable human quality of a snob. So while he was quite pleased to pay pretty compliments to the famous Bolingbroke in public, these almost unopened volumes suggest that his private opinions were very different.

May I add that my dislike of eighteenth-century politicians is scarcely as sweeping as Mr. Birrell thinks. For example, I write: "There is something charming about Townshend every time he appears." Of Chesterfield, I praise his "polished speech" and say: "How high he stood in delicacy of mind above most of the figures of his period." Of Henry Pelham and Horace Walpole the Elder I have nothing but good to report. Surely one must be very liberal-minded to like five whole politicians in any period of history! And whatever I have said of Henry St. John does not equal that fierce doom written by Lord Morley: "Of all the characters in our history, Bolingbroke must be pronounced most of a charlatan; of all the writing in our literature, his is the hollowest, the flashiest and most insincere." With my accustomed charity I tried to hope and plead that he was only too often drunk. Mr. Birrell's charity is even greater than mine.—Yours, etc.,

1 Pump Court, Temple, E.C.4. July 20th. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

HOUSING—AN APPEAL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In June of last year you kindly published a letter of mine on behalf of The Bethnal Green and East London Housing Association, Ltd. That letter received a splendid response from readers of this paper, and I take this opportunity of thanking them for their contributions which so cheered the Secretary's heart.

May I appeal to the readers of this paper once again. Last June we wanted £20,000 in order to build "homes," not mere "houses," for some of the many families who are existing in ghastly overcrowded conditions in the East End. The East Ender is so well worth helping. There are good and bad in every district, but, taken as a whole, they show amazing pluck and determination; especially the women. No woman on earth, with a large family, can make a one-room tenement into a "home" for the children, though many of them come very near achieving this seemingly impossible feat. But put her into a three-roomed flat, with a front door of her own, and the effect upon herself and her family repays one's efforts an hundredfold.

The Association has already erected seventeen flats, and adapted two old houses into suitable accommodation for five families. The families who inhabit them were nearly all taken from homes that are best described as little better than hovels. To those twenty-two families the Lady House Property Manager is not a mere "rent collector," she is the "friend" of every member of every family.

The Association has now bought a site on which to erect thirty-two more flats, each with its own green front door; each as good as a castle to its owner. The site is cleared, the foundation-stone was laid last month by H.R.H. The Duke of York, but to assure that no stoppage should occur, now that the building operations have been started, it is necessary that £5,000 more should be found before the Spring.

£5,000 is not much to ask on behalf of these people, and if all who read this letter would take shares, however few, according to their means, they could rest assured that these shares would mean a great deal to someone in the East End. A small dividend has been paid on shares this year, and Loan Stock bears interest at 3½ per cent.

Any further information with regard to the Association and its work would gladly be given on application to the Secretary, Miss Larke, The Bethnal Green and East London Housing Association, Ltd., St. Margaret's House, 21 Old Ford Road, London, E.2.—Yours, etc.,

21 Old Ford Road, Bethnal Green, E.2. M. C. MARSHALL.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There is a lot to be said for the views of each of your correspondents on the Gramophone Record controversy, but as one who has seen intimately all sides of the business, may I offer some observations?

Mr. Constant Lambert's plea is obviously sincere, but he is too generous to realise that for every one possessing his practical enthusiasm there are a hundred who merely profess it. Your usual Fauré fiend or Hindemith Hound would *rather* keep his cult exclusive, and is inclined hastily to drop it when he can no longer feel that it is to himself and a few friends alone that the subtleties of his favourite "Modern" stand revealed.

This is borne out by Mr. Alec Robertson's figures which, although questioned by Mr. Woolf, are quite correct.

It is this sort of thing the recording companies have to face. That, and the complete apathy of the ordinary retailer to anything of any higher musical value than Handel's Largo with organ and bells. But where I quarrel with the companies is because they leave it at that—they really believe what Mr. Heathorn wrote last week. They actually prefer to pay huge dividends and spread the cult of American sob-stuff. Leaders of Industry!!

While the recent merger may change matters, the recording companies up to now have completely mishandled the "good" record business by their senseless duplication and triplication of the more popular classics and by a surfeit of records of one composer in celebration of some centenary or other excuse. I can well believe that sales by an individual company have shown a loss!—Yours, etc.,

11 Grape Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.2. 20th July. CEREBRUM.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—That there is quite a large public for gramophone records of "classical" music I am unable to doubt, in spite of Mr. Alec Robertson's scepticism, for the simple reason that during the time I was writing gramophone notes I used to get letters from all parts of the country and from abroad—even from students at Dominion Universities—asking for advice in selecting records and for lists of good "classical" records.

This is quite compatible with any individual company's finding the sales of "classical" records disappointing for several seasons:

1. An enormous amount of duplication, triplication, and even quadruplication has been done. Particular works of Wagner, Beethoven and Brahms have been recorded again and again by the H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, and other companies. I possess at the present moment, for example, a recording of Brahms' C Minor Symphony by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner and another by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski, and there have been others of this work.

2. The companies who compare the sales of classical music with sales of dance music and other ephemeral stuff, forget to mention that in six months or a year most dance and other "light" records are dead for ever, whilst the sales of "classical" music will continue as long as the gramophone continues.

The idea that so-called "light" music, which is generally the most dreary and intolerable of all music, sells better than "classical" music is sheer nonsense. Far more copies of J. S. Bach's *Das Wohltemperirte Clavichord* have been sold in England, Germany, Russia and America—in fact all over the civilised world—than of the most popular "hit" ever written. Who buys "Yes, we have no bananas" now?—Yours etc.,

W. J. TURNER.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I, in my turn, am rather puzzled by Mr. Woolf's letter. I well remember going over the five hundred or so questionnaires received by the *Nation and Athenæum* with increasing gloom. Sales were not my concern, but rather the dissemination of good music through the gramophone, and this aspect of the matter did not appear to have struck many of the readers of the paper.

At the same time it is only fair to add that gramophones and records were then a long way from the perfection to which they have attained to-day. Mr. Woolf three times uses the phrase "a considerable number of readers." It is a phrase similar to one I have heard on the lips of gramophiles all over the British Isles in the days when I was lecturing on music. Almost every post contained threatening letters to the effect that H.M.V. *ought* to issue this or that work because "a considerable number of people I know, etc., etc."

Now and again such a work *was* issued and the "considerable number" melted away like snow before the sun! But I am really puzzled by Mr. Woolf's complaint that he can only with difficulty get to know about new recordings.

Every company issues monthly lists and special supplements which are gladly and regularly supplied on demand from any retailer. At least three firms issue lists of "exotic" recordings.

Compton Mackenzie's paper, the *Gramophone*, reviews every record issued and has a most able staff of reviewers. The *Daily Telegraph* and many other papers do the same. Finally, I beg Mr. Woolf, if he will take the trouble, to walk into music shops in the provinces or anywhere in London outside the West-end and ask how new records of good music sell. He will come forth a sadder and wiser man.—Yours, etc.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

The Cottages, Apsley, Pulborough, Sussex.
July 17th.

A PEACE CONGRESS IN THE RHINE VALLEY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers to the Eleventh Annual Congress of the Action Internationale Democratique pour la Paix—a peace movement which was formed in France after the war under the inspiration of Marc Sagnuier? This year's Congress is to be held at Constance, from August 5th to 9th, with

a preliminary meeting at Freiburg. The subjects to be discussed are disarmament, the economic crisis and European union. For the week 8th to 16th August there will be a "Youth Peace Crusade," in which members of many nations will join in a walking tour proceeding up the Rhine Valley from Colmar to Mulhouse, camping out and holding meetings as they go. The fortnight offers an unusual opportunity for enjoying a holiday in lovely country in company with young people of various nations and should be attractive to many who wish to know at first hand how the present crisis appears in Germany itself.

Full details can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., A.I.D.P., c/o Women's International League, 55 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.—Yours, etc.,

EDITH PYE,
Chairman of British Committee.

July 20th.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—My letter of July 17th was in part stultified by an error (printer's, I hope). In the 40th hand of the England *v.* America bridge match Mr. Culbertson made a secondary spade bid on a four suit consisting of Ace, *Knave*, 8, 3. You printed this suit as Ace, *King*, 8, 3, which is a normal "biddable" hand; and the point of this correspondence is whether or no under the Culbertson system a secondary bid may be made of a suit which is not strong enough for an original bid. My attention has since been drawn to hand No. 110 of the international match, which clinches the point. Mr. Culbertson actually went two spades over his partner's call of one heart on a four suit consisting of King, 9, 8, 3. Perhaps the closest approach to Caliban's original example is No. 154 of the series, in which Mr. Lightner made a secondary call of three clubs on a four suit consisting of King, Queen, 8, 2.—Yours, etc.

Bexhill. B. H. DAVIES.

MILK AND MUSIC

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With reference to the article entitled "Milk and Music" in your issue of July 18th, I should like to call your contributor's attention to the following passages from *Music, Health and Character*, written by Dr. Agnes Savill and published by John Lane in 1923:

> So recently as 1921 Dr. Talmey published in an American Medical Journal, an article in which he describes the effects of music on animals. He mentions experiments with caged animals and, as if the matter were beyond controversy, tells us that cows listening to music produce more milk. . . . Thomas Hardy, who combines with his literary gifts a wide knowledge of rural life, writes in one of his novels: "Songs were often resorted to in dairies hereabout as an enticement to the cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield."

Yours, etc.

3 Stanley Gardens, JOHN HUNT.
Kensington Park Road, W.11.
July 20th.

Miscellany

TWO CONTRASTS IN LIVES

AT Byron's home of Newstead Abbey last week I met the Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, for the third, or possibly for the fourth, time in his varied career. I am a little doubtful about the first meeting, for in those days his name was quite unknown to myself as to the rest of the world. It was in the summer of 1897, just after the conclusion of the disastrous Greco-Turkish war, in which I had accompanied the Greek armies in Thessaly and Epirus, and had learnt the complete art of retreat. Massingham, of the *Daily Chronicle*, had then ordered me to Crete, where the rebellion of the Greek inhabitants against Turkish domination had caused the war and was still simmering. The towns along the north coast of the island were occupied by detachments of troops from all the Great Powers except Germany. They were nominally stationed there to uphold the sovereignty of the Turk, really to watch lest one of them should attempt to grab the splendid harbour of Suda Bay, where, in fact, some British warships were lying to protect the poor little Turkish fleet, which could hardly float or fire. The action of the Powers was called "The European Concert."

One afternoon, walking out from Canéa, and eluding the French outposts by creeping through the rocks, I arrived by mere good fortune at the very headquarters of the rebel bands, and by shouting the Greek name for the *Daily Chronicle* I secured a patriotic welcome. I was placed at a little table in a mouldering cottage, while three rebel officers sat upon the bed, and the whole place was soon crowded with Cretans, fine-featured men, all wearing the black Cretan handkerchief round their heads, and black cotton trousers like undivided bags with the feet thrust through at one end. All were armed with rifles, revolvers, and sheathed Cretan knives, eighteen inches long. I had been instructed to find out the minimum demands of the rebels, and I discovered they were briefly two: the immediate withdrawal of the Turkish troops from an island which counted only 75,000 Moslems in a population of 300,000; and the ultimate union with Greece. Both those demands have now been long ago won, chiefly by British action, but the point I wish to recall is that, almost certainly, one of those rebel officers seated upon the bed was Venizelos. Or if he was not there, he certainly was one among the tattered and hungry "bands" to whom I twice made my way a few days later, staying among them by the hospitality of the rebel leader, Hadji Mikhali, the old and almost mythical hero of the great insurrection thirty years before.

And last week that same Venizelos, once a leader among the tattered, hungry and rather turbulent bands of rebels, but now standing in a gay little pavilion over which the Greek flag waved, was reading a speech in English to a variegated English and Greek audience which had crowded into one of the most beautiful English parks to hear him. He was the guest of the City of Nottingham, to which the Abbey and park had been generously presented. He had lunched with the Lord Mayor in the new Council House; tea in silver teapots awaited him in the long dining-hall of the historic Abbey; and he was dressed in the most rigorous fashion of the English gentleman—top-hat, long black coat, white waistcoat, striped trousers and all. With his fine, pale face, white hair, short white beard and spectacles, he looked the very model of a highly educated, elderly statesman, as indeed he was. After a career of varied services and varied situations, not always enviable, he was now Prime Minister of the Greek Republic, one of the most influential personalities in European history. But as I looked at him, I remembered those tattered and hungry insurrectionists among the ruined cottages and mutilated olive-groves of Crete thirty-four years ago, and I thought what contrasts of fortune one man may experience in this short and single life.

From a seat in front of the pavilion, I could look up to a window high upon the sham gothic front of the building attached to the ruins of the old but poorly-constructed Abbey. It was the window of Byron's bedroom, where his canopied bed still stands, surrounded by the furniture he actually used, including a looking-glass that had once so often reflected a head, as Venizelos said, fit for the sculpture of Pheidias. From that window, in boyhood and youth, he had looked over a lake, drained by an artificial cascade into the wide fishponds below, and beyond the lake to part of the vast domain which was his own. With its gardens, wastes, and relics of old Sherwood Forest, that domain is, as I said, one of the loveliest of English parks. In the midst of its beauty, haunted by memories of mediæval monks and the Robin Hood of our ballads, the poet grew up into the wayward, passionate, high-hearted, imaginative being whom all the world was soon to know.

The product of a wealthy school and a famous University, never short of food or drink except by his own will, surrounded by friends, a member of the House of Lords, irresistible to all women for his beauty and fame, and

hunted almost to death by some; at times in debt, and then again endowed with riches beyond the dreams of poets; a courted and luxurious traveller in Europe, he was famous before he was thirty for his genius and his fascinating errors. Writing with ease the melancholic and romantic verses and dramas which exactly touched, or created, the melancholic and romantic spirit of his age; and, again, pouring out models of satire, wit, and indignation hardly surpassed in any language, he spread his fame from land to land. He gave a new tone to the youthful life of the world, and his very name signified what it meant. To all youthful and generous hearts, no career seemed more splendid and more enviable.

And then, in contrast, I see the filthy little fishing-village of Missolonghi, surrounded by marsh and muddy flats, near a shallow lagoon across which one could see the mountain of Cephalonia far away. Rain fell without ceasing, and the village lanes were deep in slush. There Byron was living in a ramshackle cottage, which a few men in the cellar could shake like an earthquake. Round him were groups of mutinous and murderous rebels, always clamouring for money and food, and never to be trusted. He lay stricken with some form of malarial fever. His own doctor could do nothing but weep, howl, and advise bleeding. "Do you think that I desire life?" Byron said to one of his few friends. "I am heartily disgusted with it, and shall bless the hour when I shall leave it.—What pleasure could life give me? Few men have lived so much as I. I am literally a young old man." (To re-translate from André Maurois' admirable work.) And later, to the same, he said, "I do not regret life, for I came to Greece to end a miserable existence. I have given Greece my money and my time. Now I give her my life." Later still, in delirium he cried: "Forward! Courage! Follow my example! Have no fear!" He called upon his daughter Ada, whom he had never seen. He prayed for a blessing upon his dear sister Augusta and her children. He even mentioned his wife. "I do not fear death," he said. "But why have I not been at home before coming here?" Tempestuous rain beat upon the windows, and terrifying thunder roared. "The great Lord is dead," said the armed men and shepherds in the filthy street outside.

What was it in this man that has made him what is called immortal? All over the civilised world his name and his works were known, and his name is known still. As poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, among his English contemporaries, surpassed him. But outside England they are known only to a few French critics and a few German professors. Everyone in every European country knows Byron. To most people abroad English literature begins and ends with Shakespeare and Byron. What is the reason of this amazing fame? It comes partly, I suppose, from the wide appeal of the emotions he expressed—a love, passion, and indignation that are universal. He often expressed them with rhetoric, but most simple-hearted people like rhetoric. He expressed them with a fervent simplicity that everyone could understand. Even his melancholy and cynicism were not entirely affected, and nearly all youth passes through the same phases still, while Byron not only complied with a prevailing mood, but himself inspired it.

As to other sides of literature—those sides in which his real eminence lay—I suppose no language can show a power of memorable description or of satiric verse surpassing parts of *Childe Harold* and nearly all *Don Juan*. What consummate ease in the treatment! What perfection in the expression! No line amiss, no witticism forced, however unexpected. Take, merely as one casual instance, that irresistible stanza of *Don Juan* (Canto I, cxiii):

> The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
> The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
> Who call'd her chaste, methinks, began too soon
> Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
> The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
> Sees half the business in a wicked way
> On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
> And then she looks so modest all the while.

What a sudden delight comes with that addition to "the longest day!" There is the ease, the natural and effortless wit, which make the joy of reading Byron in his finest work. And he was not parsimonious. "Byron," said Goethe, "was the most productive man who ever lived."

But, when all is said, it was his death in that squalid scene at Missolonghi which raised him so high above contemporaries who surpassed him in poetic art. "The soul's joy," said Shelley, "lies in action," but how few writers have known that joy! It is as the active and defiant champion of freedom that Byron is remembered:

> Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
> Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.
>
> Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
> And Freedom find no champion and no child?
>
> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.

Those are verses that have stirred the world, and we may still remember them, even though the mention of freedom is now greeted with a curse or a contemptuous smile by all the tyrants, dictators, and oligarchs of Europe, as by the most redoubtable of our British doctrinaires.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE RUBINSTEIN BALLETS

MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN'S season at Covent Garden, which has just concluded, offers a perfect example of how ill-rewarded and unprofitable creative work may be and how much it depends for its public reception upon caprice and accident. Nobody, I am sure, amongst the general public, is aware that this ten-day season at Covent Garden was from a proper theatrical point of view the finest, most exhilarating, most artistic show that has been seen upon any stage in London for years. Indeed, only the finest operatic productions and the finest of the Diaghilev ballets can be rightfully compared with these Rubinstein productions, and there is one important feature in which Madame Rubinstein's season here was unique, namely, in the number and quality of new works which were performed within the short space of ten days.

I say nobody would have guessed that this was the truth who obtained their impressions from our daily press. Why was this? As the answer is of general interest (because we of the public are entirely dependent upon these unknown sources of artistic activity, and if they dried up we should be very much the poorer) I will try to explain, for Madame Rubinstein's benefit and for that of other impresarios and enterprising theatrical managers and agents, the causes—as I see them—of her failure to make a success commensurate with the quality of her work.

In the first place few people, and foreigners least of all, understand that the seven millions of Londoners contain every kind of public. The vast majority of this public must be dismissed at once because this vast majority only becomes aware of the existence of a show at any theatre about six months after it has begun, except in the case of a new Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo, or other equally notorious film star production, news of which fills the press daily. The problem in the case of more exclusive, less accessible work is simple. There is in London, I believe, as large and as responsive a public to first-rate serious artistic work as anywhere in the world. At any rate, we need not make comparisons because we know from experience that there is an enthusiastic ardent public in London so passionately eager to enjoy creative work in the theatre or concert hall that they will crowd to operas and concerts that are exacting and boring as only great works of art can

be. This unappeasable hunger for great art exists in every *living* human being, but the channels of communication are not equally developed. Some are deaf to music, some are blind to form and colour. The ballet is not for such; it is a form which needs an equal appreciation of music and visual design, and many musical critics who may have the former lack totally the latter. It was these, for the most part, who went to Madame Rubinstein's productions and did not recognise what they were seeing. So the public that might have appreciated these ballets remained largely unaware of their existence.

But the fault was not all on one side. We heard far too much of Madame Rubinstein herself from her advance publicity and far too little of what she had to offer from contemporary artists. Madame Rubinstein turned out to be no more than a mediocre dancer. To pretend she is less than that is excessive denigration of a dancer who shows occasionally in her own dancing some of the rare taste and good judgment she shows in her productions. Seeing that she was a mediocre dancer the press immediately, for the most part, ignored her or gave her little space and prominence. Then she chose to appear in a dramatic spectacle, *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastian*, the first night, and in the least attractive, save one, of her ballets on the second night. The exception, the ballet *David*, an extremely interesting work which I saw three times with ever-increasing enjoyment of music, *décor* and choreography, was one in which she had a specially prominent part, and this only served to draw more attention to her own deficiencies and to detract from the merit of the ballet. Later, when one had got used to Madame Rubinstein and knew her capacities for what they were and was without illusion, one discovered that she mimed the part of David extremely well, and that her use of her arms and hands is exceptionally graceful and expressive. But this was too much for average eyes to see in the first shock of disillusion.

A public success for so short a season as ten days was, after two such opening nights, impossible. The press for the most part paid no more attention to Madame Rubinstein, and many critics missed seeing her finest productions. I am not referring to Monsieur Maurice Ravel and his world-famous *Bolero*. Properly handled, this would have given all the publicity and sensationalism needed to draw a large, ignorant and imperceptive public to Covent Garden. Fortunately for us who went to every Rubinstein production, night after night during those far too quickly fleeting ten days, this did not happen. M. Ravel, who conducted in person, came and went, and left us to enjoy the Benois *décor* and the Nijinska choregraphy of *Bolero*. Ravel's music to *Bolero* and *La Valse* serves its purpose, but one can say no more. We get it all, and more than we want, at a first hearing, which is far from being true of Henri Sauguet's much more interesting and individual music to *David*. This grows upon one with every hearing and has real distinction.

After *David*, the next interesting production was that of *Amphion*, the poem by Paul Valery, music by Arthur Honegger, and choregraphy by Massine. In this my press friends, if they had only persisted, would have rejoiced to discover that Madame Rubinstein had little more to do than to lie still and look beautiful, and at one point declaim with exquisitely clear diction some verses by Valery, which it was a pleasure to hear. *Amphion* was very impressive as a whole, the choregraphy in parts being one of Massine's best inventions, and it goes without saying that the *décor*, being by Benois, was good. Honegger's music has a certain histrionic intensity, and the choruses were an unusual and effective part of this ballet, although the music in itself is lacking in the highest qualities. Quite in another style was *La Bien-Aimée*, music by Schubert and Liszt, orchestrated by Darius Milhaud. Milhaud is one of the most gifted of the composers of the generation after Ravel. His lucidity of texture and terseness of expression are particularly attractive to me. His treatment of the Schubert and Liszt themes was both clear and elaborate, and the detail in his music is always finely wrought. I cared less for Madame Nijinska's choregraphy in this ballet than usual, and Benois's setting was not the most felicitous of his productions. In this respect *La Valse*, which is of the same period, was more attractive, being really one of the loveliest stage pictures I have ever seen.

From some points of view, however, the finest of all the new ballets was *Les Noces de Psyche et de l'Amour*, music by J. S. Bach, orchestrated by Arthur Honegger, choregraphy by Nijinska, and scenery and dresses by Benois. This ballet is constructed on older lines, and consists almost entirely of dancing and grouping, but Madame Nijinska has used her material with extraordinary felicity, achieving rhythms of movement that are much freer and subtler than in the classical ballets of the pre-Diaghilev and Nijinsky period—in such a ballet, for example, as *La Princess Cygne*. As for the *décor* by Benois, it is simply magnificent. The fertility of invention and design of Benois in his baroque style is quite amazing. I consider the costumes of the Shades and Demons of the underworld in this ballet as some of the finest I have ever seen.

It is to be hoped that Madame Rubinstein will bring her really excellent company of dancers to London again next year, but whoever manages her season must clearly recognise that for London the attraction is to see new works by genuine contemporary artists of real quality. Composers such as Darius Milhaud, Honegger and Henri Sauguet, choregraphists such as Nijinska and Massine, designers such as Benois, are all artists of real talent, and it is because Madame Rubinstein—unlike the majority of dancers—has had the good taste and judgment to choose such artists to produce works for her that she deserves a more generous and appreciative response from the London press and public than she has had so far. If she comes again we shall be better prepared, and if we may expect further new productions equal in quality to *Amphion*, *Les Noces* and *David*, then Madame Rubinstein can be sure of having more success on her next visit.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Life Machine"

The Life Machine at the Arts Theatre Club is an attempt to explain sympathetically a brutal murder by probing at the psychology of the murderess—the story being based, I understand, on a famous American trial of a few years back. Despite some moments of inspiration and an intensely moving performance by Miss Mary Grew, it misses fire because it attempts too much. All that the author, Miss Sophie Treadwell, can establish is that the unhappy child Helen should have been placed in the hands of a skilled alienist rather than in those of George H. Jones, whom she marries. She need not forfeit sympathy on that account. But, by refusing so much as a name to her characters in the programme, by presenting the husband, almost fantastically, as the young wife sees him, and by a similar drastic simplification of the office-life from which marriage is the escape, Miss Treadwell is inviting us to step into Helen's mind; and, poor tortured bundle of inhibitions that she is, we are unable to do it. Her hysteria is not ours, nor are we prepared to plan with her the seemingly cold-blooded murder she commits. Apart from this major difficulty, the story moves with a curious jerkiness, and there are dangerous gaps in the sequence. We are, for instance, offered no explanation of Helen's transition from an ultra-sensitive introvert, shrinking from human contacts, to the companion of women of the town in speakeasies. Her actions are childish in their spontaneity, yet the murder, according to the evidence, is the fruit of brooding months of which we catch no glimpse.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Stevenson's romantic melodrama, with its household-word of a title, might have been readapted for the stage by now so as to be amusing, at any rate: by being Americanised, for instance, and "thoroughly renewed," or pointed with interpolations on the pleasantness of Mr. Hyde compared with his own so-called better half. But this version is nothing if not reverent. We are asked to believe in Hyde as a terrifying bogy and in Jekyll as an admirable citizen. We are helped out with a little suitable music and lighting, softened and sweetened and not too lowbrow. Mr. Arthur Phillips portrayed each of the two sets of nicely stereotyped attributes with gusto, and although he could do little with either of them to terrify or delight us he did at least change voice, figure, and feature with speed and conviction, in the very eyes of the audience. This was almost worth going to see, though it was more like a parlour trick than acting.

Opera at Hammersmith

It is a lack of adventure rather than an imitation of preceding productions that gives the light operas at Hammersmith a sameness that is in danger of becoming tedious, but *The Fountain of Youth* has in it elements of Sir Nigel Playfair's previous catches in home waters. He has veered away from the eighteenth century lately, but it is to be hoped that he will light upon something more contemporary in feeling: something that lies off the beaten track from John Gay to W. S. Gilbert. After all, the period cult ought to embrace all periods, even the present. In this case Mr. Alfred Reynolds was evidently called in to write some tunes for Mr. Graham Robertson's libretto, and perhaps for this reason many of the numbers lack unity and distinction. But on the other hand one or two of them are quite delightful. The sexton's song in the first act, admirably sung by Mr. Scott Russell, is among the best things that the Lyric has given us—and that is saying a lot. And some well-tuned rhymes make people drinking magical waters and turning into babies seem surprisingly funny, not least so in the case of Mr. Percy Heming's Sir Bullion Blunt, the pushful profiteer.

"The Young Idea"

When this notice appears in print *The Young Idea*, Noel Coward's early comedy, will almost have run its statutory fortnight at the Embassy Theatre; and one can only hope that some West End manager will have had the good sense to snap up the production as it stands for a second lease of life nearer the centre of London. We are wofully short in these days of light comedy productions, and this one is positively too good to lose. It is not until the third act, in fact, that you realise how young the play is. Surely the later Coward would hesitate to reconcile so glibly a husband and wife who had been divorced for so many years? But conceding and forgetting the almost impudently sentimental ending, *The Young Idea* still remains a triumph of high spirits which exhilarate and never fatigue. The satire of *The County*, even when it was written, cannot have been exactly new, but there is a freshness and life in the handling which disarms criticism; and, after all, there is precious little arguing with the author who is capable of poising a joke perilously, but quite successfully, on the name of the least of the Channel Islands. How essentially comic the word Sark becomes!—and how like Coward to discover and exploit it! Mr. Arthur Macrae and Miss May Collie, as the continent-bred children who reconcile their divorced parents, are just about as good as can be. The former has a positive genius for light-handed burlesque, and Miss Collie's infectious vitality is entirely delicious.

"Subway Express"

Subway Express, with Jack Holt (Capitol), is technically a most remarkable film and well worth a visit. The whole action is confined to an underground compartment in which a murder has taken place, and the picture is strictly limited, except for one other murder, to the examination by the detective of the occupants of the car, an examination along the lines of the game "Murders," which is continued till the truth has been extracted. The success of the film, which recalls the photographic methods of *Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc* and the *Front Page*, suggests that perhaps the talkie may reach success by the adoption of the classical unities. *Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc*, *Front Page* and *Subway Express* all gain their cumulative effect by the constant reappearance of the same people in almost the same attitudes, a cinematographic method as unexpected as it is successful. *Subway Express* is the only successful detective film I have ever observed upon the screen, and the development of the story is a considerable intellectual feat. In nearly all detective films we see a novel inadequately adapted, but in *Subway Express* the pure talkie medium is perfectly employed for the unravelling of a mystery. The attention of the public is concentrated the whole time on the problem and the dénouement has the air of a mathematical demonstration. Some of the comic relief wears a little thin before the end. But the curiosity of the intelligent spectator is sufficiently engaged for him to overlook minor weaknesses.

"Ex-Bad-Boy"

Miss Anita Loos's film, provisionally named *Ex-Bad-Boy* (a clumsy title which the management will gladly alter if something better can be suggested), can be recommended to all those whose interest in pictures is not purely technical. For, unusually, the matter of *Ex-Bad-Boy* is better than the manner. It is a play which has not quite been transmuted into a picture. But the theme, a mild man, who, in order to impress a young lady he is anxious to marry, invents a passionate interlude with "Leda Larbo," is highly diverting. To the consternation of the hero, the film star arrives on a "personal visit" to his town, but fortunately finds that it suits her book to enter into the deception. So all ends happily. Both the plot and the dialogue abound in happily cynical touches and the picture gains in distinction from being written by the owner of an adult intelligence. In fact, *Ex-Bad-Boy* whiles away an agreeable hour.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, July 25th—
King's Cup Air Race.
Haslemere Festival. Music and Dances of Shakespeare, 8.

Monday, July 27th—
International Society for Contemporary Music. Orchestral Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Haslemere Festival, J. S. Bach Concerto, 8.
Sir Percy Nunn on "An Imperial Institute for Education," Bedford College, 5.30.
Festival of Seventeenth Century Drama and Music, Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich.

Tuesday, July 28th—
"Take a Chance," by Walter Hackett, Whitehall Theatre.
International Society for Contemporary Music. Orchestral Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Haslemere Festival. French Mediæval Music, 8.
Dr. R. C. Wallace on "Dominion Ideals in Education," Bedford College, 5.30.

Wednesday, July 29th—
Haslemere Festival. Byrd, Jenkins, Purcell, 3.
The Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore on "Education in the Tropical Dependencies," Bedford College, 5.30.

Thursday, July 30th—
Haslemere Festival. International Music, 8.

Friday, July 31st—
Cricket. Actors *v.* Musicians, Hampstead Ground.
Haslemere Festival. English Intimate Music, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is one of the vexations of the professed intellectual that whereas emotion, particularly the emotion of grief, may raise an author into the first rank, mental distress, however acute and sincere, will never accomplish this. Perhaps this is only an instance of the truth that poetry is always greater than prose; for when deeply moved the heart speaks naturally in poetic phrase, but the mind, when exacerbated or puzzled or sorrowful in the way that the mind may know grief, expresses itself best in prose. It might be said without untruth that no supremely great art was ever accomplished by men incapable of deep emotional suffering. If a man has that capacity, though his work be naturally prosaic, he will have the character of the poet; the fact that his work is in prose will be an accident of technique, or of some idiosyncrasy that defies the poetic instinct. In our own day two authors fail, I think, of supreme distinction because they lack the quality of deep emotion, and so remain, not only formally but in spirit, profoundly prosaic writers. Posterity will never be able to place either Mr. Bernard Shaw or his master Erewhon Butler with the very greatest of the world's authors, because their work lacks the note of emotional suffering. Indignation is theirs, and a righteous anger; but they are always self-conscious, and in the arts as in other matters the man who would save his life must lose it. It is here that Butler and Shaw are both excelled by our greatest master of pure prose, Jonathan Swift; for Swift was poet in the spirit, and suffered spiritual and emotional agonies, as well as the difficulties of mental torment. There is always, when the brain is strong, a certain delectation in purely intellectual distress—the man of genius has a strange satisfaction in finding his way out of it, and in proclaiming to others how a road of escape can be found. The man who experiences profound emotional suffering has no such ingenuity of delight; he is merged in his grief, but not subdued by it, and when he would render out of it a work of art it will have that inexplicable quality of "mania" which belongs to the artist.

* * *

It is the absence of grief which renders pusillanimous and lamentably trivial so much admirably accomplished modern literature. Perhaps at no period have there been more authors who can succeed so magnificently in the rendering of the giggles, the hysterics, the inarticulate and painful manifestations of pain or sorrow; but that seems to some of us of little value if there is a failure to show what is symbolised by these marks of distress. Mr. Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War* was successful precisely because it succeeded in rendering something of the reality that is obscured in most war-books by the authors' inability to escape from their preoccupation with symptoms. We are a generation of watchers—accurate, painstaking, inhumanely just—but no great art was ever made out of "watching." Unless we can once more return to suffering and sympathy, either actual or imaginative, I can foresee an art that becomes more and more arid, an arrangement exquisitely skilful of dead flowers and tortured blossoms, a thing of extreme ingenuity and no passion, something perpetually bright—and if there is anything duller than perpetual boredom it is perpetual brightness. One of the things which sent me on this line of thought was a re-reading of Charles Lamb's essays in a beautiful edition, decorated by Mr. H. A. Bray with wood-engravings from old prints (*Elia* and the *Last Essays of Elia*, 2 vols., Gregynog Press, £5 5s.). I know some modern young snips who resent not a little the assumption, still pretty general, that Lamb has never been excelled as an essayist. I would suggest that the reason for his supremacy lies here, in his capacity of deep sorrow. How it shows in all his references to death! There is that tiny, delicate etching, "A Death-Bed" In the first few sentences Lamb made a composition which, for sheer rightness, could not be beaten by Dürer:

> I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now for almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong constitution. Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife, their two daughters, and poor deaf Robert, looking doubly stupefied. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber.

The essay asks aid for the bereaved, and it ends with the lovely brevity of, "Oblige me and the dead, if you can."

* * *

In this way of speaking and thinking of death I find a healthiness and a natural simplicity which are foreign to modern manners in certain countries and societies. I have never understood why attention to the dead should be regarded as abnormal, still less why this opinion should be so largely promulgated by those who have no belief in immortality. Nothing is more certain than the fact of death, and if it be an event with no alleviation or escape, why are those wrong who would, seeing the race of man doomed miserably to end in that majesty's secure nullification, no longer seek to make anything out of life, if life is but the dream of a moment, and annihilation the ultimate truth? Or are they only going to cheat themselves into a faith they despise? And so they tie ribbons to Death's grisly wrists, and cover him with flowers, and chatter brightly and briskly in that mute chamber where Charles Lamb felt that even words of sympathy would be abashed to break the silence. This insensitiveness to what is appropriate, this effort to dodge death or to defeat desire—for passion has always been strongest when the majesty of death has been given his due—are but a part of the general lack of feeling that is fashionable to-day. A man is considered glum if he does not allow casual intimacy to flower quickly and fade as quickly as it flowers; and the last thing now considered in our friends is their characters, whether they agree with ours, or whether anything of permanence and beauty is made out of our contact. We would make all of life a spectacle of that kind which the "talkie" best typifies; and we can bear anything in life except that which produces emotion and the thought that is fed by and gives strength to emotion.

* * *

It is for his abundance in those qualities that I treasure Elia. All his thought is at once imaginative and deeply felt; and his knowledge is held by the man's whole self, a self of such sanity that one is tempted to predicate for all men who would be sane a touch of the mental instability that marked Charles Lamb. As I re-read the essays, at a time when apprehension was very present with me, I wondered if anyone had noticed Lamb's astounding fearlessness. Like all men, he had limitations; but most men's limitations are due to fear, or to its child, vanity; Lamb's seem due merely to lack of opportunity, or to the sensible recognition of a natural disability. Any critic can see how fear limited most of his contemporaries—Byron, Landor, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge; Lamb and Keats are alone in possessing the greatest artists' humility which forbids fear, just as it prevents pride. Lamb, who had so many reasons for diffidence, remained as free from it as a child, and dwelt, as William Blake did, in that magical land which we find it so hard to enter. It will be a dreary day if ever we have to write of it, as Lamb wrote of the land of the witches: "We do not know the laws of that country."

RICHARD SUNNE.

A NATURE POET

The Bird-Cage. By A. J. YOUNG. Bumpus. 3s. 6d.
The Cuckoo Clock. By A. J. YOUNG. Bumpus. 2s. 6d.

If one has had to become persuaded that critical standards in literature are not the absolute things that one could have sworn they were, and are subject to drastic differences of opinion, one no longer feels the same security that good writing needs no looking after. I used to think that anything I valued was safely out of my keeping and in the care of a sound literary bank, and that it was as unnecessary to take precautions about it as to plant oneself as sentry outside one's money-bank. But once it is realised how variable is critical authority, one is constrained to take of one's reading treasures the particular care that is due to all uninsured articles. And if, besides the risk of controversy about what one approves, there is also the risk of its being unknown, one must not only argue its merits but argue its existence. I have lately chanced on some poems, contained in the two books named above and in other slight volumes by the same author, which I should be sorry to have missed, though very likely to have done so, in spite of a warning by John Freeman, on the appearance of the first of them a few years ago, that "quiet as moss, burning as light" was the brooding mind of the poet, who had besides that quality of something "unaccountable and strange" which belongs to poetry.

The discovery of these poems is made with the excitement that accompanies any great intimacy revealed. They are short poems, only a few of which possess an arresting poetic idea beginning and ending in the confines of the poem. They are more like separate entries in a diary, forming as a whole a record in which observation is of that familiarity which becomes disclosure. Poetry has obviously not been the first consideration; the connection with it is a utilitarian one, the accidental result of the necessity to find the vital word of description; and no aid is given to poetry by emotion, for there is throughout an unsentimental understatement of feeling. Having made this kind of forced landing into poetry, however, Mr. Young turns it to good account; since he is there he enjoys himself; he drinks the wine of the country. And so his descriptions take often that turn of half wit, half fancy which is one of the very idioms of the land of poetry in which he finds himself—as when he complains how knowledge of the past, how Greece and gods and memory, stand between him and the pure perception of some object that starts these links, making him repine of his celandines:

> These glitter with gold light
> And sharpen, as is said, the swallow's sight;
> I am not like that twittering bird,
> Too clear a memory my eyes has blurred.

or when the first cuckoo's call fading into the distance frightens his fancy:

> I waited, listened; came again
> Across the distance of the rain
> That call so faint and far-way
> It sounded out of yesterday;
> I started with the sudden fear
> Lest Spring that had seemed new and near
> Was gone already.

or when he sees things as only a part of their own opposites, saying of buds in their newness:

> These and that purring rattle of nightjar
> Hint age, as children do, so young they are.

But independent of any idiom, the mere descriptive poems in these books have a brief and accurate language of poetry. Mr. Young has the art of the right word to an extent that makes him gather, by his term for it, a little more of the essence of the thing he names than any other word would have given. There is so final a sound about the names and epithets for the things this nature-diarist has widely observed, that one could imagine his to be the definitive version of those things in nature that one had known in a slightly different reading before. The words that seem in every way closest to the thing are in

> High in those trees
> Rooks built their storm-bound villages,
> Nest on dark nest
> Swaying at rest on the trees' frail unrest.

and in the fading of "long-sunned flaxen skies"; and in the "grove" of saplings on each trunk of the pollarded willows; in "wool-wet" sheep and flowers returning to buds in the rain; in "sky-scrawling branches"; in a track seen far below "buried in air"; and a path's narrow gloom lit only by "Some honied light straggling through branches from The sun that made it dark"; in a wet sky drying to blue; and snow-fields at night lying in their own light.

There is also a considerable art of compression used, another facet of the rightness of the chosen word. A little space is made large by the careful methods of stowing; and to present Mr. Young with an extra foot to his line would surely be to embarrass him with the vast possibilities opened up. The feeling of stripped, abrupt autumn can be felt in the stripped stanza:

> Foot doth through reaped field stray
> Breaking the sharp brief straw;
> Hip coffins rose, and May
> Smoulders in sullen haw.

But man cannot for ever observe Nature without becoming conscious of himself, first perhaps as observer, and then as one creature like another to be discovered in the quiet populous wood. If only by the sight of his own gigantic shadow, a stranger "crashing in silence" across the hanger, Mr. Young is aware of himself jumbled up with nature, as when he finds himself following the same track as a flock of yellow-hammers:

> Myself, the road, the hedge, these flying things,
> Who led, who followed, as we climbed the hill?

And with the entrance of man into the field and wood, the even course of description is broken into question; and there is not a thing seen or heard but can become a thrust of inquiry concerning man himself. From the old flint-breaker's legend that in some stones a drop of water is to be found at their core, Mr. Young turns to inquire of himself:

> Did I walk that sea-bank
> Where flints with fluid mouths once drank
> The drop they hold apart
> In rusty hollow of their heart,
> And lingers too in me
> One drop of that old Nummulitic Sea?

And the fuller the earth and heavens are seen to be, the more insistent grows the question:

> What is the eye of man,
> This little star that can
> See all those stars at once,
> Multitudinous suns,
> Making of them a wind
> That blows across the mind?

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If eye can nothing see
But what is part of me,
I ask and ask again
With a persuasive pain
What thing, O God, am I,
This mote and mystery?

Sometimes this human element is nothing but explicit: "I wondered, 'does she wonder What tryst there could be yonder?'" or as it is in a poem of longing and regret:

. . . too well I know you will not awake,
Who waked or lay awake so often for my sake.

But Mr. Young is not always master of the form of intrusion which human consciousness makes into his verse. The disturbance is there, but without a clinching significance, and the very question asked seems to go astray and not even tend in the direction of an answer. It is, so far, objectively more than subjectively that this poet is impressive. One can count the times in one's life when one has met with description so unable to err in the exquisite accuracy of its statement—an accuracy too sure and right to have to be always tied to facts. For Mr. Young can safely transpose his key, as he transposes this tune of the wind:

. . . the storm had stript the leaves
Forgetting none
Save one left high on a top twig,
Swinging alone;
Then that too bursting into song
Fled and was gone.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

CASTLEREAGH

The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1812-1815. By C. K. WEBSTER, Litt.D. Bell. 25s.

This, the second of Dr. Webster's two volumes to appear, deals with the first section of Castlereagh's ten years as Foreign Secretary, up to the end of the Congress of Vienna, and includes a sketch of his early life and training and a detailed account of the formation of the Liverpool Ministry which gave him his opportunity. Like its predecessor, it is based on a study of all the evidence known to exist. The British Foreign Office papers have been considered for the first time as a whole, the Austrian, Prussian, French, Hanoverian and Russian archives have been searched, the originals of the Londonderry papers have been compared with those printed in the *Castlereagh Correspondence*, and secondary authorities in most European languages have been examined and sifted. So a project begun twenty years ago has been carried through, and a full account is now in existence of the foreign policy of one of the greatest of British Foreign Ministers.

That Castlereagh emerges from this scrutiny as he does is a tremendous testimony to his achievement. Dr. Webster is usually content to let the facts tell their own tale, and his comments are at least as often critical as appreciative: it would not be easy to convict him of special pleading, and his judgment will surely inspire as much confidence as his thoroughness. There is no attempt to disguise the characteristics which have obscured Castlereagh's fame or those which can be shown to have impeded his work—his rather cynical attitude towards politics, his callousness to popular demands, his preference for secret rather than open methods in the conduct of public affairs, his Olympian attitude towards finance, his aristocratic aloofness, his refusal to delegate his work, his almost morbid shrinking from self-justification. When he failed it was sometimes because he had tried to do too much himself, or because he had not deigned to make his policy intelligible to his countrymen, or because, when overwork had clouded his judgment under the strain of a prolonged struggle against more subtle antagonists, his courage and persistence had degenerated into obstinacy. He can perhaps be criticised for championing causes which were not his own: he was the most European of British Foreign Ministers, and there were occasions when he might be said to have overplayed his part. He either could not or would not organise a department: he saddled himself with incompetent relatives or dependents and, when they failed him, did the work himself: he had too few intimates and fewer still who were his intellectual equals. Except to such equals he would never attempt to explain himself. Intense as were his affections, unspotted as was his loyalty to colleagues and subordinates, unfailing as were his courtesy and charm and splendid as was his hospitality, he remained essentially a lonely man, concentrated and self-sufficient, living by a standard of his own and content to take others as he found them. He had the kind of pride which it is almost impossible to ruffle and not a trace of the amiable vanity which makes egoists desire and helps them to achieve popularity.

These characteristics, however, did not prevent him from dominating his contemporaries among the momentous events of the three years in which occurred "the most sudden and complete transformation of the map of Europe which has ever been produced in so short a time." He dominated them, the Alexanders, the Metternichs and the Talleyrands, because he was a single-minded man who knew precisely what he wanted, and was prepared to concentrate all his powers on getting it. What he wanted was, first, victory over Napoleon, and then peace for Europe. The way to get both was to use to the full the opportunity given by England's aloofness from continental jealousies and continental ambitions. Full use of that opportunity could only be made by a man who could create belief in the reality of England's disinterestedness by the confidence he could inspire in his own character. He must be at once firm and conciliatory, patient and vigorous: he must have not only great ability but the power of throwing it all into a cause, which, in the sense that neither stood to gain immediate advantage by its triumph, was not his own, nor even his country's. He had to be that portent, a British statesman of the first rank with a European outlook. Such a man arrived at exactly the right moment when in 1812 Castlereagh became Foreign Secretary.

Of course he had ambition—did he not write home from school at eight years old: "At present I am highest in my class—no boy shall get above me"? His aristocratic connections and the patronage of Pitt helped him to the front, but he arrived and remained there because he worked harder and to more purpose, and inspired more confidence than his rivals: he passed Canning in the race for the leadership of the House of Commons and the Foreign Secretaryship because Canning assumed himself to be indispensable and Castlereagh did not. Essentially his career was self-made, and the charm and elegance of his handsome person covered an almost limitless capacity for work. But if he could not have won the great positions he came to hold in his early forties without wishing to hold them, it seems clear that he cared everything for the opportunity they gave and next to nothing for the personal advantage they might bring. It was this which gave him that greatest of moral qualities, because on it, as Dr. Johnson said, depends all the rest, courage. He never made a scapegoat, he was the last man to shirk responsibility: defeat, such as he suffered at the hands of the Tsar Alexander I. in 1814, only stiffened his resolution and awakened his resourcefulness; he throve on hardships and survived even the social claims of diplomacy in a great capital without relaxing his vigilance or losing his concentration of purpose. The risk of repudiation from home never shook his resolution, yet no man could have shown himself more ready to compromise on inessentials, and he was, as Dr. Webster says, always at his best when with his diplomatic colleagues he could place all his cards on the table. It was by these methods that he became the architect of the Treaty of Chaumont and the chief negotiator of the European settlement, by the peculiar strength which rests with a man who can combine judgment with driving power and energy with patience.

KENNETH BELL.

TIME HALTS

Four Years out of Life. By LESLEY N. SMITH. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

Posterity is a heartless librarian, but this journal of a V.A.D., from 1915 until the Armistice, will find its place on a modest shelf in the library of war literature. It has the careful sequence of a diary pruned and thus fruitful; its events are seen retrospectively at due distance in the mirror of a retentive memory, bare of illusion, clean with a minimum of emotion, and refreshingly unembittered. It records a variety of experiences, many terrible, others "purely surgical," a few amusing, all inevitable. Miss Smith takes us with her to General Hospitals at Camiers, to Tréport and Rouen. Her sketches of her fellow nurses, the sisters over her, the matron lording it over her universe, above all the patients, are at least equal to the excellent black and white drawings that do so much to illustrate the book. Her

Deep Evening A Novel by EUGENE LÖHRKE 'A dramatic and exciting story, in which the entire action takes place during one night on an Atlantic liner in mid-ocean.' *Glasgow Herald* 'I cannot praise this work too highly. It is a masterpiece of sense and sensibility.' *Time and Tide* 7s. 6d.

Plagued by the Nightingale A Novel by KAY BOYLE 'It presents a series of brilliant light-laden pictures, lucid, delightfull. The story is interesting and highly original.' RONALD FRASER in the *Observer* 7s. 6d.

A Mistress of the Terror A Novel by HANS FLESCH based on the life of Ann Josèphe Théroigne, a peasant girl who became the favourite mistress of the Cousin of France 7s. 6d.

Pyramid and Temple by JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE, author of 'The Spanish Journey.' 'Herr Meier-Graefe is a well-known art critic in his own country, he has written a book of considerable interest . . . I would like to draw attention to the altogether exceptional quality of the translation.' HERBERT READ in *The Listener*, translated from the German by Roger Hinks Illustrated 18s.

Asia's Teeming Millions by ETIENNE DENNERY 'An extremely able work. His statement of facts is admirably lucid.' *Times Literary Supplement.* Translated from the French by John Peile 10s. 6d.

Red Bread by MAURICE HINDUS, author of 'Humanity Uprooted' 'Probably the most truthful and objective account of the working of the Five Year Plan is to be found in 'Red Bread.'' *New Statesman and Nation* 'I feel that I have learnt more from this book than from any other statement of the agrarian problem in Russia.' HAROLD NICOLSON in the *Evening Standard* 12s. 6d. 'Humanity Uprooted' is also 12s. 6d.

The Outlaws ERNST VON SALOMON A study of Post-War Germany. GEORGE GORDON, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, writes: 'We shall hear of Von Salomon again, for he can think and write as well as feel, and has, God knows, enough to write about.' *Recommended by the Book Society* 10s. 6d.

Robert Walpole by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR 'The subject and the biographer fit one another after the same fashion as, Mr. Taylor declares, did George I and Walpole, namely 'as a bean is suited to its husk.'' AUGUSTINE BIRRELL in *The New Statesman and Nation* Illustrated 15s.

REPRINTS

Miss Mole A Novel by E. H. YOUNG has been added to *The Collected Edition of E. H. Young.* 'Miss Mole' was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best novel published during 1930 5s.

Good-by to All That by ROBERT GRAVES *Life and Letters Series* 4s. 6d.

Passages from Arabia Deserta by CHARLES M. DOUGHTY Selected by EDWARD GARNETT *Life and Letters Series* 4s. 6d.

The Flying Draper A Novel by RONALD FRASER with an Introduction by Humbert Wolf *The Travellers' Library* 3s. 6d.

England's Green and Pleasant Land ANONYMOUS *The Travellers' Library* 3s. 6d.

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restraint is up to the courage that "demands an equal courage to meet it." She follows statements of fact with a minimum of reflection. At one moment the hospital, in desperate need of mackintosh sheets and air pillows, receives "jig-saw puzzles—500, troops, for the use of." Miss Smith tells us how one of the patients, "Old Forty," "chuckled at our wrath" not forgetting to add—it would indeed be difficult to forget but less easy to refrain from comment on—"His lower jaw had been blown away and it wasn't very easy for him to laugh," before she proceeds with a narrative never hurried but calculated to give an idea of the pressure of work undergone by one of those hospitals which, though they evacuated to England all those well enough to travel, suffered from dire overcrowding and overwork after such a battle as the Somme.

The hospitals consisted mainly of marquees radiating from the theatre in the centre in "decreasing arcs of seriousness" from the heavy surgical to the light medicals, with officers' and sisters' quarters at the two poles; here the routine of work proceeds like an orderly nightmare with interludes for peace in the waking hours of holiday. The seasons follow one another as if by habit, and we are reminded, when on leave with the author, of people eating butter at home. On one such occasion, tried beyond all endurance:

> Something cracked in my careful veneer of civilisation and involuntarily I thrust into the middle of these gentle platitudes in a rude offensive voice:
>
> "I suppose you do draw the line though at cleaning pus out of tubes or holding a dying man on a bed-pan?"
>
> There was a faint pause, but everyone seemed quite accustomed to dealing with this sort of hysterical outbreak. I was as carefully mopped up and put out of sight as spilt soup. The hostess turned with a charming smile and said:
>
> "How dramatic, Miss Kay; you will tell us *all* about your experiences afterwards, won't you? And is your tennis suffering at all . . ."

Not meat for babes, not for the sentimental or the squeamish. The publishers might almost have offered to refund their money to those who, after dipping, for instance, into the author's chapter in the operating hut where "The slow gurgling snores and the weight of the anæsthetics filling the air seemed to focus the tables into a clear, hard little scene like the view from the wrong end of a telescope," remain with "no stomach to this fight," as Henry V observed. For our part we feel that:

> We would not die in that man's company
> That fears his fellowship to die with us.

For there is a great deal about dying in this vivid and vital book.

One almost feels a little ashamed of being still alive.

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Saint Teresa in Her Writings. By RODOLPHE HOORNAERT. Sheed and Ward. 15s.

Sixteenth-century Spain seems to have been spiritually not unlike seventeenth-century England. Both reveal the same contrasts: great extravagance, numbers of *nouveaux-riches*, together with a new spirit of asceticism and spiritual awakening: both countries had their Baxters no less than their Buckinghams. And it was in restless, sixteenth-century Spain, half chivalrous and mediæval, half sophisticated and modern, that Teresa grew up. "Sublime in laughter, exquisite in tenderness," so Ronald Firbank describes the subject of Crashaw's greatest lines, and the Abbé Hoornaert's purpose is to show her as a great writer, as one of the chief glories of Spanish literature. Not only does he succeed admirably in this, but he also portrays for us a woman who was possessed of more vitality, more charm and more enthusiasm than any woman of her time, excepting perhaps only Mary, Queen of Scots. At seven she ran away to seek martyrdom amongst the Moors; at seventeen she devoured eagerly all the books she could lay her hands upon, and in collaboration with her brother herself wrote a romance. Although she travelled through all the seven contemplative states, from discursive prayer to ecstasy and spiritual marriage, she was living meanwhile an intensely active and normal life, founding and ruling convents, fighting single-handed the whole Carmelite opposition, and writing, at her confessor's bidding, her many books: the *Life*, with its jewel-like treatise on prayer, the *Relations*, the *Way of Perfection*, the *Interior Castle*, the *Vejamen*, and endless letters. Her intellectual gifts were great, and the Abbé Hoornaert amply demonstrates how the force and vigour of her writing, and its extreme simplicity and economy, her use of the everyday rugged Castilian dialect, all make her one of the great forces determining the trend of Spanish literature and the Spanish language.

Ribera describes her Da Vinci face: "At the corner of her lips, which were very beautiful, there was always a slight ironic smile, at times more marked but always indulgent," and she was everywhere immensely popular. "I cannot think," she herself exclaims, "why people are so fond of me." Yet she was very stern. The Dominican Hernandez says of her: "I was told she was a woman, but it is not true; she is a man, and more a man than any man I ever met." She rebelled against her own femininity: "It is enough for me to remember I am a woman for my wings to droop." Always impatient of mediocrity, she wrote: "Ah, is it not great folly to rest content with such good sense until the end of the dream which is our life?" and belaboured mercilessly those who, in the spiritual life, "are toads satisfied with chasing little lizards." How practical she is too: "If there were no more water to wash with, what would become of the world?"—a novel attitude for a saint—and her descriptions are most charming: S. Peter of Alcantara is "so extremely thin, that one would have said he was made out of the roots of trees, and his beard seemed made of silver wire." Yet she is above all the "still undaunted daughter of desires," who cried in her agony, "*Muero porque no muero*"—I die for that I cannot die, and whose philosophy was "all is nothing excepting only God." This is an absorbing book.

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The Diary of Peter Bussell, 1806—1814. Edited by his grandson. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

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world who, if you could provide them with a notebook and a lead pencil and induce them to make the daily entries, would provide records that Hakluyt himself might not have despised.

Peter Bussell, master mariner, happily belonged to the period just before the decay—just before it began to be thought that it was more important in a diarist to be able to write than to have something to say. And his period, the Napoleonic wars, is one of which we can never get too many facts: we have already had enough disquisition. The sloop *Dove*, of Weymouth, of which Bussell was owner and commander, was captured by a French privateer and taken into Boulogne harbour in February, 1806. The crew remained prisoners of war until the fall of Napoleon in 1814. Bussell kept a careful journal of his experiences. It never occurred to him to try to "write it up," or dramatise it; he thought the facts were enough, and he was right. His grammar is shaky, his spelling was probably worse than his grandson allows us to perceive, yet the fascination of the book is undeniable. The long, weary marches from prison to prison, often in winter weather, when they would get "a glass of brandy and little bread" for breakfast, and perhaps "a red herring" for dinner at night, and nothing else all day; the miserable rations when they got there (though Bussell thought them quite good, and only complains that they were not honestly weighed); the foolish behaviour of the prisoners, many of whom "had not the sagacity of a Welsh goat"; their habit of getting drunk whenever they were allowed into the town, so that leave became harder and harder to obtain; the persistent attempts of the English to escape, running away in batches, and nearly always getting caught and punished; the pampering of the Irish, whom the French were trying to recruit for their own armies; the amusements of the prisoners: some were enthusiastic "cricket players," some only gambled and drank—all these aspects of life in captivity, sometimes strangely reminiscent of our own recent war, pass before our eyes in Bussell's guileless narrative. There is not a dull page; he seems to know by instinct what to record.

Prisons varied, of course. In one they were treated so well that they presented the governor with a gold medal on his retirement! In others the prisoners were deliberately ill-used, to induce them to volunteer for the French Army; and Bussell records that at Auxonne no less than a thousand out of thirteen hundred of them took the hint. We remember that there were Frenchmen serving on the *Victory* at Trafalgar! The French Government had many difficulties. German deserters from Napoleon's armies abounded; you might see them being led through the streets, chained together by the neck like slaves—a sight impossible in England, as Bussell says, but then "France swarms with gendarmerie." The country was "cracking" under the strain of war, and the prisoners suffered first. Then came the final crash; the white cockade in the streets; the prison gates thrown open; a party of French Royalists bursting out from a wood and rescuing the column of English prisoners marching along the road—and would have shot their guards too had not the English intervened and given the men a guarantee of humane behaviour. All this is in the picture Bussell draws so simply and convincingly. The book has real historical value; but it will be a pity, indeed, if it is read only by students.

Mr. Hermann B. Deutsch has an excellent subject—the American adventurer, General Lee Christmas, who rose to fame in the civil wars of Honduras at the beginning of this century. Mr. Deutsch has obtained his material by word of mouth from surviving friends and associates of Christmas's. His method is precisely the opposite of Bussell's. His style is exclamatory, and he dramatises his hero so much that it is difficult to believe that the man ever existed in real life. Yet it is a first-rate story, full of humour and excitement. Christmas was a drunken illiterate engine-driver when he chanced to get mixed up in a frontier skirmish and displayed such fighting qualities that the new President of Honduras took him on as chief of police in the capital city, much as a Roman Emperor might employ a gladiator for bodyguard. But he soon showed that he had a natural gift for soldiering, took part in rebellion after rebellion (not always on the winning side) and became one of the most powerful men in Honduras, and a legend in the United States. A romantic career, no doubt, as Mr. Deutsch insists; but a passing allusion to Cortez makes us sigh for those days—and for Bernal Diaz the chronicler in particular. As a matter of fact the wonder is, not that there were so many North American adventurers in the southern republics thirty years ago, but that there were so few. Those who "adventured" with sacksful of dollars outnumbered, by something like twenty to one, those who came with swords.

At the early age of twenty Mr. Eric Muspratt went to live entirely alone among the natives at a trading station in the Solomon Islands, because "I had a passion for adventuring in strange places." That is the right spirit, and Mr. Muspratt describes his experiences with infectious enthusiasm, for he was young, and he came new to that kind of life. The result is a vigorous and very readable little book.

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ARCHITECTS WE DESERVE

Representative British Architects of the Present Day. By C. H. REILLY. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

Except to the blind, a walk through the London streets becomes every year a more painful experience. It is unreasonable to object to Georgian houses being pulled down, decent and well-proportioned as these usually are. The scandal is that they are replaced by buildings which are an affront to an educated eye. And whereas there are continual protests against the shacks and hoardings which disfigure the countryside, far larger and more permanent monstrosities are erected in the heart of London by banks, insurance companies, and big shops without one voice expressing the nausea which they inspire. Indeed, one reason for the peculiarly degraded state of English architecture is the absence of all criticism. Our architects, no doubt justly, consider themselves not artists but professional men, and it is therefore a breach of etiquette for one architect to criticise publicly the work of another. But if a layman ventures an opinion he is at once rapped on the knuckles for his impertinence. The public hears what there is to be said for and against any particular writer, painter, actor or musician. But ordinary persons, if one may so describe the directors of the rich corporations which are rebuilding London, can never hear what is thought of any particular architect by disinterested critics. The appearance of a book on living British architects by the Liverpool Professor of Architecture ought therefore to be welcome.

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But almost as soon as one opens Professor Reilly's book one perceives that the case is hopeless. For the Professor gives photographs of buildings which at best are *pastiche*, and at worst are hideous, chaotic and ungrammatical; and then talks of their authors as if they were Wrens or Palladios. Imagine the Liverpool Professor of English writing laudatory studies of the works of Mr. Frankau, Mr. Arlen, and Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, and you have a parallel. In the criticism of any art save architecture this provincialism would, I believe, be impossible. No one could write a book about great living British architects; but with patient search one might find in the country a number of reasonably interesting contemporary buildings. Professor Reilly has preferred to spend his enthusiasm on the work of our most prosperous practitioners. The objects illustrated for our admiration include three of the ugliest domed buildings in the world—Sir Reginald Blomfield's insurance office in Piccadilly Circus, Sir Herbert Baker's Delhi Secretariat, and Mr. Lanchester's Wesleyan Central Hall at Westminster. Why, one wonders, has not the Professor included the airy elegance of Maple's new Tottenham Court Road façade, and the delicate restraint of Lyons's Corner Houses?

But averting our gaze from these domes, from Mr. Tapper's churches, and from Mr. Curtis Green's banks, let us take the best that Professor Reilly offers us. When Gide was asked who was the greatest French poet, "Victor Hugo, *malheureusement*," was his answer. I think a similar question about living English architects would have to be answered: "Alas! Lutyens." Professor Reilly says it may sound an extravagance at first blush to call him the nearest thing we have to Shakespeare, but that it is not. I think that even such a remark as this should not disguise the fact that at Delhi Lutyens has achieved magnificence. But he is an incomprehensibly uneven artist. The new building in front of Marlborough House, illustrated by Professor Reilly, is frankly hideous, and I know nothing even in London more absurd than the stone pavilions which suddenly crop up on top of the brick precipices of Grosvenor House. Mr. Arthur Davis is another architect with a sense of proportion, which can be detected beneath his too profuse ornaments, and Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, as this book shows, possesses a lively talent. But two quotations will show the sort of world in which most of the Professor's paragons expend their energy.

> When most people were experimenting with Wren, he was developing a full eighteenth century manner, and when they had caught him up, he was among the first to discover the charm of Regency,

Professor Reilly writes of one architect as if the sublime art of building was some jolly sort of obstacle-race; and of another's work:

> One finds Italian Baroque, French Louis Seize, English and Irish Georgian motives successfully blended together in the quiet dignified street façade.

If the best contemporary books were imitations of Pope written by a scholar, and the rest were exercises in mixing the styles of Chaucer, Marlowe, Racine and Gray, composed by a Babu, our literature might be as flourishing as our architecture.

Sir John Burnet among the veterans, his partner, Mr. Tait, and Messrs. Easton and Robertson are none of them included in Professor Reilly's book, although—or should one say because?—their work is rather more alive than that of most of our architects. And even the members of the Professor's team are not, on the whole, represented in the illustrations at their best. Mr. Atkinson, for instance, has done better work than these photographs might lead one to suppose. Finally, there is only one plan included in the book, though it is in their plans that contemporary architects best show such talents as they have. Indeed, I can find little in this book to praise except the form and price given it by the publisher. English architecture may be, as a recent Dutch writer says, the laughing-stock of the world, but it is not quite so grotesque as this publication would suggest.

Everywhere to-day architecture is the feeblest of the major arts. There are exciting experiments in France, there are staggering objects in America, but nowhere is there a recent building which can be seriously ranked with the masterpieces of the past. Architecture is the most social art, and any true revival in it is unlikely until there is once more an established and integrated society for it to reflect. The best contemporary building will probably be one by a Swiss architect now being constructed, significantly enough, at Moscow.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

THE OXFORD OF THE FRIARS

Franciscan Philosophy at Oxford in the Thirteenth Century. By D. E. SHARP. Oxford University Press. 21s.

The German friend who asked Miss Sharp why the English were so ignorant of their own philosophers before Francis Bacon, might have been asked in return, whether there was much point in ascribing English, or any other national colour, to philosophy in the middle ages. A touch of our traditional insularity there may have been in the refusal of certain Oxford Dominicans to accept all the Thomist doctrines current in Paris, but to the intellectual character of the systems expounded in Miss Sharp's learned and admirable book, Franciscan is a far more appropriate epithet than English. Grosseteste, to be sure, was not a Franciscan, but his position as official Reader to the Order, and the extent of his influence, fully justify Miss Sharp's decision to include him in her survey. It might even be maintained that this first Chancellor of Oxford was the most original thinker of his age, and that much of the reputation too hastily fastened on Roger Bacon belongs more justly to his predecessor. Bacon at least, among the philosophers earlier than his namesake, has been very handsomely noticed in his own country, and if the importance of his sensational prophecies of future inventions has been somewhat exaggerated, his "mediocre system of philosophy," as Miss Sharp calls it, is by now tolerably well understood. Exactly why he got himself into so much trouble is still uncertain, but Miss Sharp is probably right in suggesting that his character (as shown in his criticism of others) was more provocative than his actual opinions. Of the other philosophers examined by Miss Sharp, Duns Scotus is the most famous and, by virtue of being printed, the most readable. In 1927 Dr. Harris published an important study of him, but his interpretation is partly based on the *De Rerum Principio*, which Miss Sharp regards as spurious. The *Sapientiale* of Thomas of York exists only in manuscript, while John Pecham and Richard of Middleton, though not entirely unprinted, are by no means easy of access. Miss Sharp has, in fact, accomplished a laborious and remarkable piece of work, which few men, to say nothing of women, in Europe would have been qualified to undertake.

The points characteristic of Franciscan doctrine are too technical for brief exposition. Miss Sharp dissects each of her authors in turn under the same headings—thus making the treatment a little monotonous—and for the most part suppresses her own comment. Only in her conclusion does she attempt any general valuation of these rather interminable debates about the accepted topics of the schools. The mathematical bent of Grosseteste promised something for science, but it must be confessed that to a large extent all these philosophers were groping about on the

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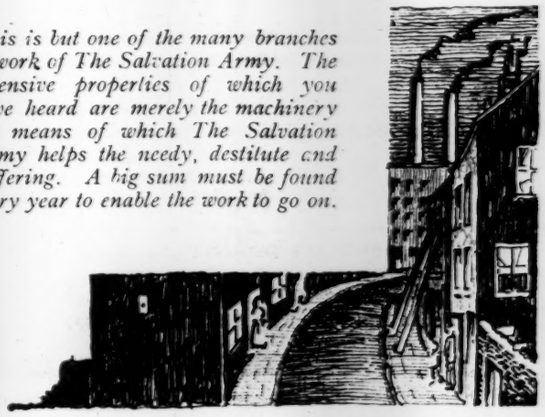

borderland of physics and metaphysics, trying to solve questions determinable only by methods unknown to them with the aid of form and matter, act and potency, and other like concepts, Aristotelian in origin, yet tainted in the thirteenth century with ideas incredibly remote from Aristotle. In logic, in some parts of psychology, and in ethics, they walked more securely. Their discussions of free will, for example, are vastly superior to much that later philosophers have produced, and their analysis of the relation between the knower and the known is at least as valuable as most of the theories invented in the period between Descartes and Kant. Even their elaborate speculations about the nature of angels are more than obsolete curiosities; for the mediæval angel was as much an "idea of reason" as a minister of grace. It must, indeed, have cost the "separate substances" of scholastic metaphysics some pains to assume the lovely forms that throng the pages of Dante's *Paradiso* or hover in the dreams of Fra Angelico round the Virgin Mother and her Child.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Travels of John Sanderson in the Levant: 1584-1602. Edited by SIR WILLIAM FOSTER. Quaritch (for the Hakluyt Society). £1 11s. 6d.

The habit of grumbling is understood to have been a favourite vice of sailors through the ages, but John Sanderson, whose travels in the Levant form the subject of this latest publication of the Hakluyt Society, was surely the most cantankerous grumbler that ever put to sea. That he went to sea (in 1584) against his will is typical of his whole career. Martin Calthorpe, the merchant adventurer (afterwards Lord Mayor of London) to whom he was apprenticed, pushed him off to Constantinople and the Levant trade without his knowledge or consent, at the same time cheating him out of two years' apprenticeship. Calthorpe, like most other people, evidently disliked Sanderson and returned rough answers to his complaints. Either from the effects of ill-health in his youth or from a natural sourness of disposition Sanderson went through life grumbling and quarrelling. He was always ready to follow up an argument with a personal assault; and on one occasion in Constantinople these weapons were turned against himself, for one English merchant whom he had offended held his arms from behind while another struck him several blows on the face. Yet he might have thought kindly of Martin Calthorpe, for one fact that emerges clearly from this surly entertaining narrative is that he was a born adventurer, and thoroughly enjoyed knocking about the world. His descriptions of Syria and Egypt, which he visited on behalf of his master in Constantinople, are full of keen observation and dry humour. He is at his best in describing things he despises, such as the naked dirty "holy men" of Egypt, who lived on public charity, or the mummy pit where visitors were allowed to wade about among the thousand-year-old corpses, breaking off a head or limb here and there, to take home as souvenirs. Sanderson eventually settled in England, and died a bachelor, complaining bitterly that he could not afford to marry, but at the same time congratulating himself upon not having a wife.

The Life of Admiral Sir John Narbrough. By FLORENCE E. DYER. Philip Allan. 15s.

Sir John Narbrough, the friend of Pepys and one of that group of exceptionally able men who did so much to improve the status of the Navy during the reigns of the last two Stuarts, has had to wait an unconscionable time for his biographer. But Miss Dyer has done the work so thoroughly, in the best modern manner, that we need not regret the delay. Narbrough was a thoroughly good sea officer, a quietly efficient kind of man, with a strain of seventeenth-century Puritanism in his character, which did not prevent him, however, from being the devoted friend and admirer of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The Protestant revolution of 1688 would probably have broken Narbrough's Protestant heart; but he did not live to see it, dying full of years and honour a few weeks before Dutch William landed.

The Art of Fly Fishing. By LT.-COL. W. KEITH ROLLO. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

Where to Fish in Scotland. By P. CASTLE. Oliver and Boyd. 3s. 6d.

After reading Lt.-Col. Rollo's practical hints on fly fishing one is quite compelled to take up such a book as *Where to Fish in Scotland*. Such an enthusiasm is born of the cold, helpful facts of the first book that one could learn no better news than that one could fish in one's own garden. Starting with advice on the choice of tackle, given with an eye to economy, to both the novice and the moderately skilled fly fisherman, the author describes the methods and pitfalls of casting, the varieties and suitabilities of flies, dry and wet, and concludes a most valuable book with some remarks on the choice of water, including one invidious section on "Likely Places." A study of this book and some practice should qualify the reader to realise the value of Mr. Castle's little book on the fishable waters of Scotland. It is a compilation of reminiscences that will not only serve many as a guide, but also remind others of memorable days on the lochs.

Living Authors. Holmes: Glasgow. 20s.

It is evident that a book of about four hundred biographies of authors of the world, in which about a hundred and eighty are American, has not been planned with any particular sense of proportion. Nor is it easy to discover what plan inspired the anonymous editor. Putting down the gross over-supply of Americans to patriotism (the book is from New York) it is hard to see how the English authors have been selected. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Priestley, Mr. Drinkwater, and Mr. Graham Greene, are all in; Mr. Conal O'Riordan, F. Anstey, Mr. Lynd, Mr. Charles Morgan, and Mr. Pearsall Smith are out, as are also Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, Madame Duceaux, and Mrs. Woods. The short biographies vary much in merit, as do the photographs. The book is amusing enough gossip, and there are but few inaccuracies. It is printed on heavy and vilely smelling paper.

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About Motoring

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I AM not in the confidence of the Ford company, and do not know whether they have any secret intention of cutting the price when the big Dagenham works commence production. But there is no need of any price cutting for the car to rank as a very formidable competitor of our own mass-produced cars. It is already splendid value for money, and especially so if the larger of the two engines be selected, though the high tax of £24 will induce most English users to specify the smaller of the two power units which are offered. The fuel consumption of the larger engine is well over 20 miles per gallon, though it will not ordinarily touch 25 miles per gallon.

The performance of the car is decidedly individualistic, and differs sharply from that of any British car of my acquaintance. I took one up the long climb out of the glens of Antrim over towards the Giant's Causeway, and with a full load it negotiated the interminable slopes and corners at high speed on top gear with never the least threat of a check or a wish for second gear. It required no jockeying, but took the entire ascent very smoothly and pleasantly in its stride, despite a total weight of about a

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ton and a quarter, and the fact that the four cylinder engine is geared about 3¾ to 1 on top. I do not think an ordinary passenger could have decided whether the bonnet concealed four or six cylinders. The average British six cylinder of equal horse-power rating could not have climbed more surely, more smoothly or more silently. It follows that in city traffic the new Ford is emphatically a top-gear car. Its flexibility is excellent. On steeper climbs the familiar speeds are obtainable on lower gears. The second gear makes no bones at all about maintaining 30-35 m.p.h. where top gear cannot be held. The bottom gear ratio is just over 12 to 1, and with the big engine and light chassis and coachwork this gear affords enormous power. The two nastiest hills in the country are Simms Hill in Devonshire and Screw Hill in Wales. I do not know if this Ford has been put at Screw Hill, but a friend of mine took one up Simms Hill without the faintest tinge of anxiety; it walked up comfortably with never a hint of effort or a suggestion of failure.

It is not an easy matter to compare the bodywork of cheap cars. I have a definite impression that the coachwork of the Ford conveys a greater suggestion of cheapness to a passenger than that of our own low-priced cars. But the standard of comfort is really high. The angles and dimensions are all good. The softness of the upholstery is above the average for the price; and judged from comparatively elderly examples, which I have scrutinised closely, it does not grow shabby any faster than its rivals. The suspension is definitely good. No car of this type rides with its cushions in a straight line; there is perpetual movement; but the motions are neither violent, harsh, nor excessive. Such bouncing as is inevitable occurs very gently, and is limited in character. The jolts provoked by a bad road have no sharp edges.

The brakes are adequate rather than eminent. During my tests I was fresh from a car which boasts perhaps the best brakes on our market; and my previous vehicle was equipped with a servo, which permits very violent braking with a minimum of effort. Comparison was inevitable; and the Ford emerged with satisfactory marks from the contrast. Its brakes were not terrifically powerful, and they demanded a certain muscular effort of hand or foot, as the case might be. But they always held the car comfortably when it needed holding, and they always stopped it when I wished to stop, though perhaps less quickly than the brakes of more expensive cars. One of the marked impressions made on a critical driver of wide experience is that the car promises an extremely long life at full mechanical efficiency. All its paces are smooth and effortless. There is no sensation of high power being attained by delicate tune, easily impaired by some small maladjustment. The engine does its job so easily, as Woolley hits a sixer on a small ground. I think this model will be found running in large numbers when it is ten or fifteen years old, just as the famous model "T" contrived to go on running and do its work at an age when any other make would have been consigned to the scrap-heap.

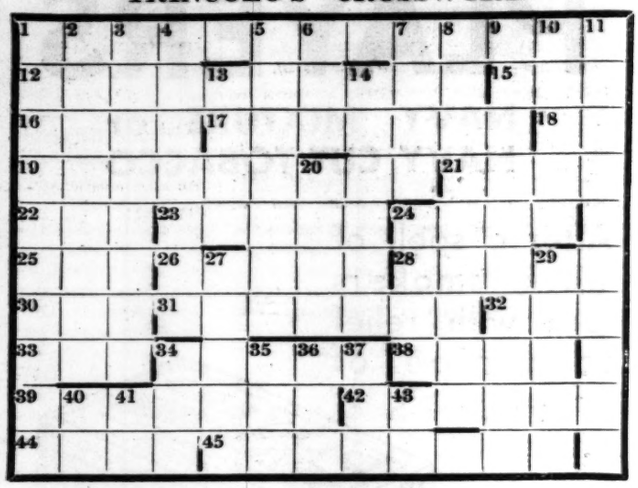
The equipment is as lavish as any owner could desire, and transcends that normally supplied with cheap cars. For example, the rear seat has arm rests at both sides, together with a central disappearing support, so that either one, two or three passengers can hope for comfort in the stern sheets. The details which make for easy maintenance by an owner-driver are equally well planned. Everything is accessible, and full of ingenuity. The petrol filter is transparent. The radiator cap is hinged, instead of being screwed. The leads to the sparking plugs entail no screwing, and cannot be misconnected. Bumpers and a direction signal of the electrical type are supplied as part of the kit. The spare wheel has a cover. The headlamps are superior to the normal cheap American patterns, and give plenty of light with a minimum of dazzle. The sliding roof is apparently equal to the best British patents, and is not charged as a grossly expensive extra. British drivers will probably complain on first acquaintance that the steering is not self centred to the degree which we have come to expect. The car does not corner with the same sense of automaticity as most British vehicles. The driver has to take it round a corner, and, when the corner is rounded, he must deliberately straighten it out again. On the other hand, there is no sense of resistance, and the wheel is peculiarly free from road shocks, whilst I have found no trace of flap or "shimmy" in several well-used samples which I examined for such faults.

Altogether the car ranks high among those from which an impecunious buyer must make his selection; and the better it is known, the more freely it is likely to sell. It is certainly a most attractive proposition for the man who wishes to run a rural hire business

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



FROM SPAIN TO MONGOLIA

ACROSS.

1. Bismark's behaviour to France and Denmark.
12. Stratified, and cold.
15, 18. Shining light of the assembly.
16. Storky and Co.
17. There's a flat a little lower down.
18. See 15.
19. Birds who watch and prey.
21. You might find me in the cemetery.
22. Divide five yards by four.
23. The din recedes.
24. Obsolete even among Friends.
25. Interior of an Oxford college.
26. Colour unevenly spread.
28. What Hamlet became when the wind was southerly.
30. Sexless shire.
31. A native of southern Spain comes back.
32. Garment without its user.
33. Medicine wallahs.
34. Dedicated to the deity.
38. Not much fun in the dark.
39. An epic of siege.
42. The Mahatma's return.
44. University that holds its liquor.
45. Dogs from the far north.

DOWN.

1. Familiar, to a degree.
2. Known by the green line.
3. Not "talon" ted.
4. Author of the last chapter of Genesis.
5. Obtrusive.
6. May be both unpleasant and popular.
7. Home of Mr. Ridd.
8. What nudity claims to be on the banks of the Neva.
9. Slower and slower, and with nothing taken away.
10. We needs must muddle the highest when we see it.
11. Hand one would hardly hold in a kinema.
13. Burden that suggests what Juliet might have said (!)
14. Perhaps you can see through this one.
20. A jot's not a jot better.
24. Rather upsetting for the shoemaker.
27. Festivities with a groan in them.
29. A weapon somewhat distorted.
34. Poplar enough with 41 *rev.*
35. A little isle comes up.
36. Allow it isn't here.
37. Roller's objective.
40. Filaments with 18.
41. See 34.
43. King Bluebeard as a baby.

BRIDGE

WHAT IS A BIDDABLE SUIT?

A word of reply is called for to the two letters, published last week and in this issue, from the Rev. B. H. Davies. It is quite true, as he points out, that members of Culbertson's team made secondary bids on weak four-card suits in the course of the American match. But what if they did? The "rules" which I am trying to demonstrate are our servants, not our masters; and every expert makes bids in match play which he would not recommend to a tyro and would not defend on principle. My concern, in my series of instructional hands, is purely with the principles of bidding. The occasional "brilliancies" of the masters must stand or fall on their own merits.

The following are the "biddable minima" of the Forcing system:

Four card suits:

A Q ♠ ♠ A J 10 ♠ K Q 10 ♠

Five card suits:

K ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ Q J ♠ ♠ ♠

—together, in each case, with adequate Honour-trick strength in the hand as a whole.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

METROPOLITAN

ACROSS. 1. Paces. 6. Skid. 10. Swim. 14. Avalon. 15. Enow. 16. Ads. 17. Demet. 18. Enc. 19. Ran. 20. Er. 21. Deb. 23. Plasher. 24. Day. 25. Ire. 26. Hiking. 29. Tsal. 31. Aragon. 34. Oohw. 35. i.e. 36. Gowned. 38. Gobi. 39. O.S.B. 40. Tsetse. 41. Triers. 42. Oils. 43. Sooth. 45. 48. Stance. 46. Nelson. 47. North.

DOWN. 1. Paddington. 2. Ave. 3. Camberwell. 4. Elephants. 5. Sotli. 6. Sneak. 7. Kensington. 8. Inch. 9. Dore. 10. Swarthiest. 11. Wandsworth. 12. Idea. 13. Marylebone. 22. Era. 27. Noort. 28. Gobi. 30. Aisaac. 32. Gesso. 33. Odeon. 37. Osie. 44. H.R.

NOTES.—ACROSS. 6. Kids. 14. See Tennyson 15. *Omar Khayyam.* 16. A(i)da. 17, 20. De-meter. 18. Enc (ore). 25. (W)ire. 29. Omega *rev.* 31. (P)aragon. 39. Order of St. Benedict.

DOWN.—5. Toils. 6. Snake. 9. (H)erod; Gustave Dore. 12. Idea(l). 30. Cashier. 37. (H)osie(r) 44. Harry Richmond.

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All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. TURKEY TIME. Wed. & Fri.

DALY'S. FLORODORA. Wed. and Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. LONDON WALL. W. & T.

GAIETY. THE MILLIONAIRE KID. Tues. & Fri.

GARRICK. WHAT WOMAN WANTS. Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. THE IMPROPER DUCHESS. Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Wed. & Sat.
STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. AUTUMN CROCUS. Wed. & Sat.

PHŒNIX. LATE NIGHT FINAL. Wed. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST. W. & S.

SAVOY. DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE. Mon. & Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. LEAN HARVEST. Tues., Fri.

STRAND. IT'S A BOY. Tues. & Thurs.

WHITEHALL. TAKE A CHANCE. Mon. & Wed.

WYNDHAM'S. THE OLD MAN. Tues. & Fri.

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ton and a quarter, and the fact that the four cylinder engine is geared about 8¾ to 1 on top. I do not think an ordinary passenger could have decided whether the bonnet concealed four or six cylinders. The average British six cylinder of equal horse-power rating could not have climbed more surely, more smoothly or more silently. It follows that in city traffic the new Ford is emphatically a top-gear car. Its flexibility is excellent. On steeper climbs the familiar speeds are obtainable on lower gears. The second gear makes no bones at all about maintaining 30-35 m.p.h. where top gear cannot be held. The bottom gear ratio is just over 12 to 1, and with the big engine and light chassis and coachwork this gear affords enormous power. The two nastiest hills in the country are Simms Hill in Devonshire and Screw Hill in Wales. I do not know if this Ford has been put at Screw Hill, but a friend of mine took one up Simms Hill without the faintest tinge of anxiety; it walked up comfortably with never a hint of effort or a suggestion of failure.

It is not an easy matter to compare the bodywork of cheap cars. I have a definite impression that the coachwork of the Ford conveys a greater suggestion of cheapness to a passenger than that of our own low-priced cars. But the standard of comfort is really high. The angles and dimensions are all good. The softness of the upholstery is above the average for the price; and judged from comparatively elderly examples, which I have scrutinised closely, it does not grow shabby any faster than its rivals. The suspension is definitely good. No car of this type rides with its cushions in a straight line; there is perpetual movement; but the motions are neither violent, harsh, nor excessive. Such bouncing as is inevitable occurs very gently, and is limited in character. The jolts provoked by a bad road have no sharp edges.

The brakes are adequate rather than eminent. During my tests I was fresh from a car which boasts perhaps the best brakes on our market; and my previous vehicle was equipped with a servo, which permits very violent braking with a minimum of effort. Comparison was inevitable; and the Ford emerged with satisfactory marks from the contrast. Its brakes were not terrifically powerful, and they demanded a certain muscular effort of hand or foot, as the case might be. But they always held the car comfortably when it needed holding, and they always stopped it when I wished to stop, though perhaps less quickly than the brakes of more expensive cars. One of the marked impressions made on a critical driver of wide experience is that the car promises an extremely long life at full mechanical efficiency. All its paces are smooth and effortless. There is no sensation of high power being attained by delicate tune, easily impaired by some small maladjustment. The engine does its job so easily, as Woolley hits a sixer on a small ground. I think this model will be found running in large numbers when it is ten or fifteen years old, just as the famous model "T" contrived to go on running and do its work at an age when any other make would have been consigned to the scrap-heap.

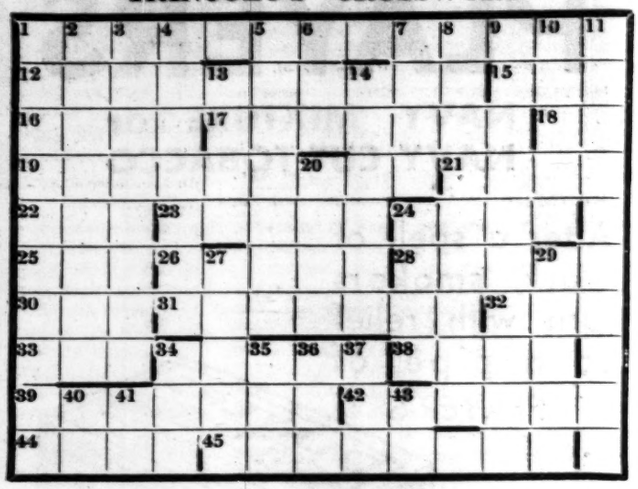
The equipment is as lavish as any owner could desire, and transcends that normally supplied with cheap cars. For example, the rear seat has arm rests at both sides, together with a central disappearing support, so that either one, two or three passengers can hope for comfort in the stern sheets. The details which make for easy maintenance by an owner-driver are equally well planned. Everything is accessible, and full of ingenuity. The petrol filter is transparent. The radiator cap is hinged, instead of being screwed. The leads to the sparking plugs entail no screwing, and cannot be misconnected. Bumpers and a direction signal of the electrical type are supplied as part of the kit. The spare wheel has a cover. The headlamps are superior to the normal cheap American patterns, and give plenty of light with a minimum of dazzle. The sliding roof is apparently equal to the best British patents, and is not charged as a grossly expensive extra. British drivers will probably complain on first acquaintance that the steering is not self centred to the degree which we have come to expect. The car does not corner with the same sense of automaticity as most British vehicles. The driver has to take it round a corner, and, when the corner is rounded, he must deliberately straighten it out again. On the other hand, there is no sense of resistance, and the wheel is peculiarly free from road shocks, whilst I have found no trace of flap or "shimmy" in several well-used samples which I examined for such faults.

Altogether the car ranks high among those from which an impecunious buyer must make his selection; and the better it is known, the more freely it is likely to sell. It is certainly a most attractive proposition for the man who wishes to run a rural hire business

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



FROM SPAIN TO MONGOLIA

ACROSS.

1. Bismark's behaviour to France and Denmark.
12. Stratified, and cold.
15, 18. Shining light of the assembly.
16. Storky and Co.
17. There's a flat a little lower down.
18. See 15.
19. Birds who watch and prey.
21. You might find me in the cemetery.
22. Divide five yards by four.
23. The din recedes.
24. Obsolete even among Friends.
25. Interior of an Oxford college.
26. Colour unevenly spread.
28. What Hamlet became when the wind was southerly.
30. Sexless shire.
31. A native of southern Spain comes back.
32. Garment without its user.
33. Medicine wallahs.
34. Dedicated to the deity.
38. Not much fun in the dark.
39. An epic of siege.
42. The Mahatma's return.
44. University that holds its liquor.
45. Dogs from the far north.

DOWN.

1. Familiar, to a degree.
2. Known by the green line.
3. Not "talon" ted.
4. Author of the last chapter of Genesis.
5. Obtrusive.
6. May be both unpleasant and popular.
7. Home of Mr. Ridd.
8. What nudity claims to be on the banks of the Neva.
9. Slower and slower, and with nothing taken away.
10. We needs must muddle the highest when we see it.
11. Hand one would hardly hold in a kinema.
13. Burden that suggests what Juliet might have said (!)
14. Perhaps you can see through this one.
20. A jot's not a jot better.
24. Rather upsetting for the shoemaker.
27. Festivities with a groan in them.
29. A weapon somewhat distorted.
34. Poplar enough with 41 *rev.*
35. A little isle comes up.
36. Allow it isn't here.
37. Roller's objective.
40. Filaments with 18.
41. See 34.
43. King Bluebeard as a baby.

BRIDGE

WHAT IS A BIDDABLE SUIT?

A word of reply is called for to the two letters, published last week and in this issue, from the Rev. B. H. Davies. It is quite true, as he points out, that members of Culbertson's team made secondary bids on weak four-card suits in the course of the American match. But what if they did? The "rules" which I am trying to demonstrate are our servants, not our masters; and every expert makes bids in match play which he would not recommend to a tyro and would not defend on principle. My concern, in my series of instructional hands, is purely with the principles of bidding. The occasional "brilliancies" of the masters must stand or fall on their own merits.

The following are the "biddable minima" of the Forcing system:

Four card suits:

A Q ♦ ♦ A J 10 ♦ K Q 10 ♦

Five card suits:

K ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Q J ♦ ♦ ♦

—together, in each case, with adequate Honour-trick strength in the hand as a whole.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

METROPOLITAN

ACROSS. 1. Paces. 6. Skid. 10. Swim. 14. Avalon. 15. Enow. 16. Ada. 17. Demet. 18. Enc. 19. Ran. 20. Er. 21. Deb. 23. Plasher. 24. Day. 25. Ire. 26. Hiking. 29. Tsal. 31. Aragon. 34. Oobw. 35. i.e. 36. Gowned. 38. Gobi. 39. O.S.B. 40. Tsetse. 41. Triers. 42. Oils. 43. Scotch. 45. 48. Stance. 46. Nelson. 47. North.

DOWN. 1. Paddington. 2. Ave. 3. Camberwell. 4. Elephants. 5. Sotik. 6. Sneak. 7. Kensington. 8. Inch. 9. Dore. 10. Swarthiest. 11. Wandsworth. 12. Idea. 13. Marylebone. 22. Era. 27. Noort. 28. Gobi. 30. Aisne. 32. Gesso. 33. Odeon. 37. Osie. 44. H.R.

NOTES.—ACROSS. 6. Kids. 14. See Tennyson 15. *Omar Khayyam.* 16. A(i)da. 17, 20. De-meter. 18. Enc (ore). 25. (W)ire. 29. Omega *rev.* 31. (P)aragon. 39. Order of St. Benedict.

DOWN.—5. Toils. 6. Snake. 9. (H)erod; Gustave Dore. 12. Idea(l). 30. Cashier. 37. (H)osie(r) 44. Harry Richmond.

CALIBAN.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
DALY'S.	FLORODORA.	Wed. and Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	LONDON WALL.	W. & T.
GAIETY.	THE MILLIONAIRE KID.	Tues. & Fri.
GARRICK.	WHAT WOMAN WANTS.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
PHŒNIX.	LATE NIGHT FINAL.	Wed. & Thurs.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
SAVOY.	DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.	Mon. & Thurs.
ST. MARTIN'S.	LEAN HARVEST.	Tues., Fri.
STRAND.	IT'S A BOY.	Tues. & Thurs.
WHITEHALL.	TAKE A CHANCE.	Mon. & Wed.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE OLD MAN.	Tues. & Fri.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.

DALY'S. (Ger. 0201). Wednesday next, July 29.
FLORODORA.
At 8 p.m., Subs. 8.15. First mat., Saturday next.
George Graves, Dorothy Ward. Popular Prices.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar. 5122-3.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
LONDON WALL.
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

GAIETY. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE MILLIONAIRE KID.
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GARRICK. (Tem. Bar 8713.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
WHAT WOMAN WANTS.
THE LATEST WALTER ELLIS COMEDY.
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GLOBE. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Ger. 8724.
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A Modern Comedy by JAMES B. FAGAN.

HIPPODROME. London. GER. 0648.
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STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, Francis Lederer, in
AUTUMN CROCUS.
"An Enchanting Play."—*Evening News.* Ger. 2686.

PHŒNIX. Charing Cross Road. Tem. Bar 8611.
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By Ronald Jeans.

STRAND. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thur., 2.30.
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LESLIE HENSON, SYDNEY HOWARD, Connie Ediss, Austin Melford. (Smoking.)

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Tuesday at 8.0, Subs., 8.30. First Mat., Aug. 3 at 2.30.
MARION LORNE and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
TAKE A CHANCE.

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THE OLD MAN. By Edgar Wallace.
MAISIE GAY.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GERMANY'S INTERNATIONAL BALANCE—AND COMMERCIAL DEBTS —STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM—CHILE AND A "WAR"

WHILE the doors are shut and the statesmen within are holding Europe in suspense, the investor may pause to take stock of the position of Germany's commercial debts. If reparations could be disregarded, the investor would have nothing to fear, for Germany would have a favourable balance of payments on international account. Germany's net interest payments abroad, including some £7,000,000 on the 7 per cent. Dawes and 5½ per cent. Young loans, amount to about £40,000,000 a year. Her visible balance of trade has been improving so rapidly since 1927 that she was able to cover these net interest payments abroad with a margin of £11,000,000 last year, and in the first six months of 1931 with a margin of no less than £32,500,000. This figure must not be construed as proof of Germany's prosperity. Imports have been artificially restricted and export bills have been intensively "cultivated" in the last half-year. But, leaving aside reparation payments, the international balance appears positively cheering for the holder of commercial (including Dawes and Young) loans. The following figures are taken from the Reich Statistical Office for 1925–30 and from the Institue für Konjunkturforschung for the first half of 1931:

GERMANY'S INTERNATIONAL BALANCE ON CURRENT ITEMS (EXCLUDING REPARATIONS). (In £ Millions.)

	1925.	1926.*	1927.	1928.	1929.	1930.	1st Half 1931.
Visible trade balance..	−144	+ 8	−173	− 93	−42	+41	+47½
Transport, insurance, and other services balance	+ 14	+20	+ 15	+ 15	+16	+10	+ 5
Net interest payments abroad	—	− 9	− 17	− 28	−39	−40	−20
Net international balance on current items	−130	+19	−175	−108	−65	+11	+32½

* Abnormal year of British Coal Strike.

Now, see how the prospect changes from fair to foul when reparation payments are introduced and borrowings are indulged in. The following table is taken in part from the Midland Bank Review, of June–July:

GERMANY'S BALANCE OF INTERNATIONAL PAYMENTS (INCLUDING REPARATIONS). (In £ Millions.)

	1925.	1926.	1927.	1928.	1929.	1930.
Net balance on current items (as above) ..	−130	+19	−175	−108	− 65	+11
Net reparation payments abroad	− 44	−54	− 74	− 95	−121	−83
Reparations paid in kind (credit item)	+ 25	+30	+ 35	+ 38	+ 47	+35
Net debit balance.. ..	−149	− 4	−214	−165	−139	−37

This yearly debit balance of international payments, including reparations, had to be met, of course, by borrowings abroad or by the sale of gold and foreign exchange as follows:—

GERMANY'S NET BORROWINGS ABROAD. (In £ Millions.)

	1925.	1926.	1927.	1928.	1929.	1930.
On long-term	+65	+67	+83	+88	+32	+36
On short-term..	+ 5	+ 7	+87	+65	+54	+ 1
Miscellaneous and unclassified	+83	−43	+22	+58	+45	− 6
Import (−) or export (+) of gold and exchange ..	− 4	−28	+22	−46	+ 8	+ 6

It will be seen that in the six years ended 1930 Germany had to meet debit balances on current items of £448,000,000 and reparations payments of £471,000,000, a total of £919,000,000. As she was only able to borrow on long-term £371,000,000, she was thus forced into the unsound practice of borrowing on short-term (short-term loans amounted in this period to £219,000,000 and unclassified to £159,000,000 net). It only needed confidence to be shaken by the Creditanstalt affair, and short-term loans to be withdrawn to the tune of £150,000,000 in a few weeks, for Germany to be faced with a default on all foreign payments. This is how the reparations burden can upset even commercial obligations. With reparations suspended for a year there is no immediate cause of anxiety *provided* the short-term credits are not withdrawn. But the real problem of converting short-term into long-term loans remains.

* * *

The banner of Stock Exchange reform has been unfurled again. The new crusaders are a stockbroker and an economist (Messrs. P. E. Gourju and H. Parkinson, in *Financial and Stock Exchange Reform*, London General Press, 2s.). The lances they tilt are aimed at legislation, publicity and procedure. A law, they claim, should be passed providing that no public issue of capital be made without "the imprimatur of a Committee, specially set up for the purpose." As regards publicity, the Stock Exchange should insist on a verbatim report of company meetings being sent to every shareholder, on the publication of quarterly earnings' statements by companies whose shares are "officially" quoted, and on the issue of consolidated accounts by holding-companies. And as regards internal procedure, the Stock Exchange should "overhaul" the system of half-commissions, should permit advertising "within certain limits" and establish a Mutual Guarantee Fund of £2,000,000 to protect investors against losses through brokers' defaults. Some of these proposals, it will be seen, are somewhat vague others somewhat ingenuous. That a Mutual Guarantee Fund can be quickly created when it is necessary was demonstrated in the Hatry crisis. The case for quarterly earnings' statements and consolidated accounts I for one am continually urging upon the powers-that-be. The proposal for a Committee to "pass" new capital issues (? and Stock Exchange "introductions") is the most radical of our reformers' demands. The Committee, they claim, should be "thoroughly representative," and should include two members appointed by each of the following authorities—the Government, the Chambers of Commerce, the London Stock Exchange, the Provincial Stock Exchanges, the joint-stock banks, and the insurance companies. What on earth *would* this Committee represent? Middle-class respectability? The lay mind as opposed to the scientific? The Committee is to be satisfied in every public issue "that its auspices are bona-fide, and that it is a reasonable speculative proposition." The idea, of course, is to protect the investor against "bubble" companies promoted in periods of Stock Exchange boom. But would the representatives of the joint-stock banks and the Stock Exchanges and the Chambers of Commerce have thrown out the issues of Clarence Hatry in the 1928–29 boom? Not they. Messrs. Gourju and Parkinson must think again. An issue may be promoted under bona-fide auspices and present a reasonable gamble, but at the same time, from the national point of view, it may constitute an utter waste of the public savings. If we are to control the capital market, we must not appeal to the middle-class conscience: we must enlist the brains of our best economic experts.

* * *

This slump is soiling the whitest reputations. Alas! the proud boast of Chile that, alone of the South American republics, it had never defaulted, will be heard no more. Three weeks ago I mentioned that its Government was without the requisite foreign exchange to meet the next payments due on its external debt. The Chilean Minister of Finance has now announced that, in order to maintain the stability of the currency and protect the diminished gold reserves of the Banco Central, the Government will make the payments due this month on its external debt in legal currency in a special account with the Banco Central in Chile, "but that it hopes to resume payments abroad next month." Bondholders, in other words, are now asked to believe that their money is safe as long as the exchange remains at par. This means that if their money is paid over, the exchange is not safe. If the German crisis is any model, the Chilean is not likely to be solved by August 1st. But there is no doubt that Chile deserves a loan and can present a strong case for *American* help. Not only has her export trade been upset in the normal course of events by the slump in commodity prices, but in following American financial advice, and in handing over her nitrate industry virtually to American management (namely the Guggenheim Brothers), she has made a financial sacrifice, which perhaps she never contemplated.

* * *

When the national Chilean nitrate company ("Cosach") was formed the Chilean Government gave up the export tax of £2 10s. 6d. per ton and levied a production charge of 30s. a ton, which it handed over as security for the service of the prior secured 7% "Cosach" bonds. From this bond issue it was to receive £4,500,000, and out of the proceeds of a later issue to be made of 7% Secured Sinking Fund Bonds it was to receive $40,000,000 in satisfaction of payments due in 1932 or 1933. Unfortunately market conditions have prevented the issue of these 7% Secured Sinking Fund Bonds. The breakdown of the negotiations for a renewal of the quota agreement between Chile and the synthetic nitrogen producers has now landed "Cosach" in a market war. Anyone who is not a shareholder in Imperial Chemical Industries will sympathise with Chile, and hope that American money will come to her aid.

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1931

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W. Arnold-Forster

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Pierre Cot

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"Throw out yer mouldies!"

Strolling over Vauxhall Bridge and along the Wandsworth Road on the evening of Derby Day, you might have heard little groups of South London kiddies shouting these words to passing motor cars and coaches returning from the Races. It is an old custom and you may or may not agree with it. You may not even understand that "mouldies" means coppers or pence!

Now the Children's Country Holidays Fund has never needed your "mouldies" as it needs them at this very moment. The trade depression has undoubtedly caused many subscriptions this year to be smaller than usual or even not to come at all. This long-established fund sends poor London children into the country for a full fortnight's holiday, and from the parents of each child the Fund collects whatever it can towards the costs. Many parents cannot possibly afford to pay even ten shillings towards their child's fortnight, but they scrape up all they can for months before the summer.

It is to make up for what the parents cannot afford that we appeal to you now. A pound will cover the cost of one child's fortnight's holiday.

No matter how small your subscription. Every shilling you can send will help. **Please send at once so that children may benefit this summer.**

LADY KINDERSLEY, *The Hon. Treasurer,*
Appeal Committee (Room X),
Children's Country Holidays Fund,
17, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY, LTD.

DIVIDEND OF 7½ PER CENT.

The fortieth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Company, Limited, was held on July 22nd in London. Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bart., who presided, said (in part):

It is a matter of regret to your directors that the results, which are disclosed in the accounts before us, are not more satisfactory. No doubt, however, you have long since been prepared for a reduction in profits, having regard to the universal depression. In fact, I think we may congratulate ourselves that we have done as well.

Turning to the profit and loss account, we have an available balance of £638,861, which includes £236,171, brought forward from the previous year. The past year has been the most difficult within my experience so far as ship owning is concerned. The net profit for the year, after crediting dividends received, is £402,690. The year's results would undoubtedly have been infinitely less satisfactory but for our varied and widespread ramifications which have yielded considerable revenue, notwithstanding the accentuated depression.

Your Company's Assets in the aggregate are worth not merely more than the figures at which they stand in the Balance Sheet, but substantially more. I attribute this fact to our past conservative policy, and to our good fortune in making investments at opportune times.

Having regard to the general situation, your directors have felt that it is in the best interests of the Company to reduce the total dividend to 7½ per cent., a decision which involves some sacrifice on the part of the shareholders. We have put into effect a reduced scale of remuneration, varying up to 10 per cent., applicable to the whole organisation, other than those serving afloat, both of this company and its associated companies, and, of course, including the directors and managers.

The Chairman, after referring to the chartering of the Cunard ship "Franconia" to replace temporarily the "Bermuda," at present undergoing repair and redecoration after fire, said:

The depression from which we are suffering has no single cause, and similarly has no single remedy. To my mind our troubles can largely be solved by confidence, in the same way as they are largely due to lack of confidence. Your board has never lost faith in the future, as is amply proved by our past record. We go forward to another year conscious of the fact that our difficulties are great, but with the belief that we know the worst.

The report was adopted.

RNLI

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARY

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES OF THE PAST:

On July 22nd, 1926, the Rosslare Harbour (County Wexford) Life-boat rescued six lives from the ketch "Paddy," and two rowing boats from Wexford, in a strong gale with a rough sea.

THIS WORK HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 107 YEARS.

Over 62,500 lives rescued. 11 LIVES EVERY WEEK!

YOU CAN HELP by sending your **5/- TO-DAY,** and remembering the Life-Boats in your Will.

They depend entirely on voluntary contributions.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* SIR GEORGE SHEE, *Secretary.*

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READERS are invited to use the advertisement columns of this journal for the purpose of making known their wants. Small prepaid advertisements are charged at the rate of One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion. (A line comprises about eight words.) One line should be added for Box Numbers. Substantial reductions are allowed for a series of insertions, details of which will be sent on application to the:

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